THREE JOHN GOLDEN PLAYS

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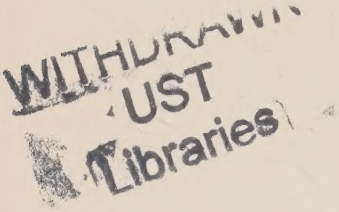

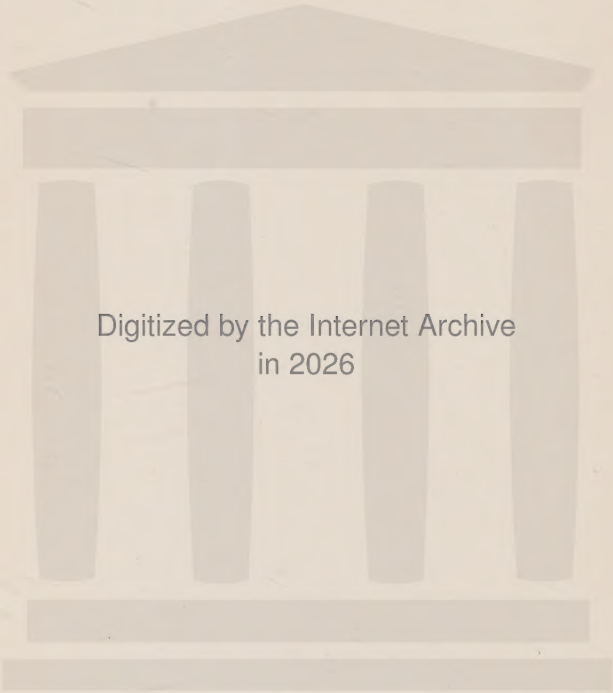
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The amateurs all over the map will hop onto these little plays—Golden is entitled to his laurel wreath.

George Ade.

The sketches are so gracefully written that the highest browed critics may well give them praise.

Rupert Hughes.

John Golden asked me what I thought of these plays.—I told him I liked them. Of course the most remarkable thing about these small plays is that John Golden wrote them—for they are fairy tales; and only cynics like Sir James M. Barrie should write fairy tales.

Michael Arlen.

These Three Golden Plays: fantasy, melodrama—imaginative, not reportorial—represent the theater at its best.

Augustus Thomas.

"The Vanishing Princess" is my favorite among these three one-act plays, but it is hard to make a choice, for all are unmistakably the work of a master craftsman.

Mr. Golden, or John—as I laughingly call him —has established himself as playwright, producer, musician and lyric writer.

If he takes up the writing of short stories, some of us boys will have to admit that we can beat him only at golf.

Ring Lardner.

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SAMUEL FRENCH
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JOHN GOLDEN PRESENTS

THIS VOLUME

TO HIS DEAREST FRIEND

WINCHELL SMITH

259632

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While Mr. Golden has proven by the plays we offer in this volume his ability as a dramatist, it should be recorded here that he is, too, the composer of a dozen successful light operas; again, he is the author of such popular song successes as "Poor Butterfly," "Good-by, Girls, I'm Through," "I Can Dance with Everybody but My Wife," and a hundred other well-known lyrics.

But it is as a play producer that he has attained a place *alone* in the theater. He has stood steadfastly for a policy of clean, humorous, American plays, and for American authors, and has to his credit more successful long-run clean play hits than any other American manager. Among the many productions sponsored by Mr. Golden may be named "Lightnin'," "Turn to the Right," "Three Wise Fools," "The First Year," "Thank You," "Spite Corner," "Dear Me," "Wages for Wives," "Seventh Heaven," and "Pigs."

SAMUEL FRENCH.

PRESENTATION

BY

RUPERT HUGHES

Amazing man, John Golden; a plutocratic Peter Pan; a business magnate who never grew up, except into wealth and power.

It is hard to believe that the person so famous as the producer of so many charming but almost infamously successful plays, is the author of the frail pieces in this book.

Yet even these dainty bits of bamboo have won success and have stood the test of many, many audiences.

This same hardy perennial, John Golden, was the most joyous figure in all New York when I first became a squatter in that city.

He is still purveying delight, but has vastly increased the extent of his parish.

Just out of Yale, I was lucky enough to be admitted to the Strollers Club, and even to be advanced to the dizzy rank of collaborator in the production of its frequent entertainments,

private and public. In the Club, the most buoyant soul was the well named Golden John. He wrote plays, poems, music, everything. He sat at the piano and sang compositions of his own to the convulsion of throngs. A burlesque condensed opera of his was a masterpiece. He was the entire orchestra, and all the cast.

It amazed me at the time to learn that the lad was even then a prodigy in business, the vice-president of a great chemical organization.

We wrote one sketch together, in which we brought to life the bronze blacksmiths, and the heroic lady that used to adorn the Herald Building. In spite of all I could do to ruin the operetta, John Golden's wit in words and music made the thing a big success.

He sang and laughed his way into the hearts of an increasing number of people, and with the same apparent ease and grace built himself a noble fortune.

He wrote the world-sweeping lyric for "Poor Butterfly." He tossed off vaudeville sketches of the poetic grace and whimsicality of "The Robe of Wood," "The Vanishing Princess" and "The Clock Shop," while he was working toward his

position as one of the world's most successful producers of plays.

Two of these sketches were first produced at the Gambols of the Lambs Club, where they evoked the greatest enthusiasm.

To all his productions he has contributed his inexhaustible cheerfulness and dramatic invention. There are not many people who are as witty as John Golden, and yet as tender of other people's feelings. His wit is never inhuman; it disdains caricature or cruelty; it is always real and kindly. It is hilarity enhanced with sympathy.

So far as I can find out, everybody that knows him loves him, and those who don't know him love the things he puts forth for the greater happiness of the world.

In fact, I might liken John Golden's character and his works to a great fireplace, roaring and crackling with laughter, yet never failing to pour forth warmth and beauty, comfort and radiance.

The sketches published herewith are bright embers plucked from the burning. They deserved the success they have had, and will light

up many a future room with ruddy laughter and the best of good cheer.

One cannot enjoy the best laughter without tenderness and a quick sense of pathos. The sorrowful cry of the forlorn little geisha gave "Poor Butterfly" its haunting fascination.

The concise drama "The Robe of Wood" develops during a series of increasing dramatic surprises a deep pity for the poor entrapped lovers, and this gives a peculiar delight to the unforeseen climax. Here the audience is left to enjoy a most unusual twist of wit; for the curtain falls on the villain gloating over his triumph, while the audience gloats over his failure, and imagines for itself his ferocious awakening after the curtain falls. His roars of rage are all the louder for being unheard.

Golden's poetic quality is seen not only in his plots and the speech of his fervent characters, but also in the delightful stage directions of "The Vanishing Princess." They are so good that they ought to be read aloud to the audience. They would hardly interfere with the irresistible humor, and heart-wringing blissfulness of the story.

"The Clock Shop" is not so fascinating to read as to watch. It is simply bewitching on the stage, for which it was written. There it reveals an extraordinary poetic quality; it is strangely quickened with the heart-beat of all the clocks and is gloriously jubilant with the varied music of many bells.

Amazing man, John Golden! He always seems to ring the bell.

JOHN GOLDEN—JACK-OF-ALL-ARTS

BY

GEORGE ADE

When I first met John Golden he was "in chemicals" with an office in the congested downtown.

He was a story-teller, a writer of one-act plays, a librettist, a composer and a vocalist.

He may have done other things.

I suspect that he had dance steps and could have taken a rabbit out of a hat. He had been an actor on the professional stage. To me, and probably to many others, he was an interesting example of the citizen doomed to earn his income in a treadmill but trying, with a hold-over of some youthful ambition, to keep the soul of an artist alive during the play hours.

When I learned that he had given up his safe and sure business connections and had set out to be a producing theatrical manager I was panic-stricken on his account. He was gambling at the trickiest game in the world.

David vs. Goliath seemed to me a very fair and even sporting proposition as compared with John Golden vs. the Syndicate.

Well, he has been triumphantly successful because he has followed certain rules which, you might think, would be the A B C of every producing manager.

Many of us have wondered if he formulated these rules, had them printed in large letters and then studied them until they burned into his consciousness. Certainly he has avoided the red-light danger signals and has capitalized cleanliness, honest achievement, toleration, friendliness, and good cheer.

In the light of his almost spectacular career it is easy to understand why the man who sells vitamins does better than one who deals in toxins. And probably some people will say that John Golden has prospered as a producer because in each play he simply assembled some homely characters and steered them toward a happy ending.

Take it from one who has been through the mill that no successful drama was ever put together by following a mechanical recipe. A play

is not a mere mixture of measured ingredients. It is a script of many pages and each page must have a selective value because it has been passed upon by some one whose judgments and instincts and impulses and emotions are unerring.

John Golden is one of the few managers who has learned the secret of keeping the invisible patron always at his elbow to assist him in penciling his plays. He has the approval and the sanction of the clean-thinking and intelligent play-goers long before the first night.

I am glad to write this for a book of plays written by John Golden. The little plays read well and no doubt the amateurs all over the map will hop onto them.

Golden has earned success. He is entitled to his laurel wreath. He is a real manager, even if he can write plays and verses, compose music and sing songs.

THE CLOCK SHOP

A Musical Fantasy

THE CLOCK SHOP.

Produced at the Palace Theatre, New York City, Nov. 8th, 1915, with the following

CAST.

HANS } *Little Dutch Clocks* ..... *Sam Chip*
GRETCHEN } *Little Dutch Clocks* ..... *Mary Marble*

THE ALARM CLOCK ..... *John Scannell*
THE CUCKOO CLOCK ..... *Charles Ufer*
THE GRANDFATHER CLOCK ..... *John W. Dunne*
THE CLOCK MAKER } ..... *Percy Walling*
FATHER TIME }

Four other Girls dressed as Dutch Boy Clocks may be the Chorus

THE CLOCK SHOP

Scene: A clock shop. Showing a myriad of clocks. The flat at back is made of gauze so that when the lights are lit behind it, it will show a drop representing Scene II, which will be described later. On the gauze flat are painted clocks of numberless style, size, age and condition. Everything in the drawing is made on a large scale—so the "human" Clocks will appear in the "picture." A counter L. runs diagonally up toward C. Down R. is a table at which the clockmaker works. There is a door going off down L. There is a lamp on table burning an amber light. The rest of the stage is in a blue light.

TIME—*Eleven o'clock. New Year's Eve.*

DISCOVERED—*The* CLOCKMAKER *at work at table down R. Cuckoo and Alarm are on counter (so their legs cannot be seen).* GRETCHEN *is standing up stage L., which is immediately R. of the counter.* HANS *up in a corner R., almost hidden among a number of other clocks.* GRANDFATHER *up C. Various other Clocks,*

both "human" and props, are about the place.

As the curtain rises the solemn, stately ticking and an occasional bell or chime are heard as an accompaniment to the CLOCKMAKER'S *Opening Song.*

NUMBER ONE.

ALL THE WORLD'S A CLOCK SHOP.

CLOCKMAKER.

The Old Clockmaker's work is done,
And yet I wish it just begun;
  The glad New Year
  Is drawing near,
And yet I hate to go.
I'm sure when clocks are all alone
Each tells a story of his own,
  For they're a part,
  Each, of my heart,
Because I love them so.

REFRAIN.

All the world is just a little clock shop (tick, tock)—
Every little Clock must play his part.

All are fitted to their cases,
Showing plainly by their faces
That the tick-tick-ticking is the beating of a heart.
All the hands are busy in the Clock Shop (tick tock)—
Helping hands that clearly point the way;
Time for work, time for play,
Time to sleep, time to pray,
As the tick-tick-ticking of the heart grows slower,
As the tick-tick-ticking of the heart sounds lower,
Till its work—is—o'er (tick, tock),
And it's heard—no—more.

(*The Clocks accompanying him have run down —he winds them, and sings*):

II.

That bad alarm clock on the shelf
Is ever thinking of himself;
He dares to care
For Gretchen there,
But Fate forbids the Banns;
For Gretchen has a heart of gold,
And though her love she's never told,

The modest thing
Prays for a ring
From little Dutch Clock Hans.

REFRAIN.

(*As before.*)

(*With a sigh,* CLOCKMAKER *rises from his work, turns out lamp and goes to various clocks to bid them "Good night."*)

CLOCKMAKER

(*speaks*).

Good night, Gretchen. Good night, Hans. Good night, False Alarm.

Good night, dear old Grandpa Clock, and keep them from all harm.

I love you as my children—truly, I'm not making fun of you—

Good night, a Happy New Year, and a blessing to each one of you.

(CLOCKMAKER *lights his lantern and exits. He is heard to bolt the door. There is silence, except for the ticking.*)

CUCKOO

(*opening his door and winking at* GRETCHEN).

Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

ALARM.

(*The bell mysteriously rising, disclosing his head.*)

Shall I try it now? Do you think I've got a chance?

CUCKOO.

Sure! Can't you tell by her naughty little glance
She's stuck on you? It's a cinch she'll fall.

ALARM.

Well, I'll find out now, once for all.
You be a watch——

CUCKOO

(*grinning*).

I can't; I'm just a clock.

ALARM.

Cut that comedy, or you'll get a shock.
(ALARM *moves up counter toward* GRETCHEN.)
O, Gretchen, dear! O, Gretchen, dear!
I've loved you now for near a year,
So do you mind if I come wooing?

GRETCHEN.

Sorry! But there's nothing doing.
I've told you time and time again,

And, though I hate to give you pain,
My heart won't go
Just where it's bid.

ALARM.

I s'pose that's so.
I *wish it* did, kid!

DUET NO. 2—THE KEY TO YOUR HEART.

(ALARM AND GRETCHEN.)

I

ALARM.

Think very hard, ere you refuse me,
I am rich with jewels rare.

GRETCHEN.

It's very nice of you to choose me,
But the key to my heart's elsewhere.

ALARM.

I can ring in a way alarming.
(*Rings.*) There! Do you like the tone?

GRETCHEN.

You're very wonderful and charming,
But my heart is not my own.

REFRAIN.

ALARM.

If I could capture the key to your heart,
Little Clock, little Dutch Clock,
I'd make you tick for me just so—
Ticky—tock—ticky, tick, tock,
You'd run for no one but me,
Little Clock, little Dutch Clock
Day time or night time you never would go
Very fast, very slow, dear——

GRETCHEN.

If you could capture the key to my heart,
You Alarm, you Alarm Clock,
You'd make it seem a prison lock,
Ticky, tock—ticky, tock.
And so I've quite made up my mind
You will never find or wind
The key—ticky, tock—
To the heart of the little Dutch Clock.

II.

ALARM.

I'm very good at spoons and kissing,
If I do say so myself.

GRETCHEN.

I realize all I'll be missing
When I'm old and I'm on the shelf.

ALARM.

You'll soon learn to love me dearly,
When you get used to me.

GRETCHEN.

I'm obliged to you sincerely,
But you'll never find the key.
REFRAIN *(as before, after number).*

ALARM.

(*speaks*)

Again I ask, won't you be mine?

GRETCHEN.

Again I'm sorry, but decline.
I've told you that my heart is true
To only one, and you know who.

ALARM

(*angrily*).

I *do* know who, and all your plans—
That foolish little Dutch Clock Hans.
Why, he is just an ornament, there's nothing in his head;

While I can wake up folks that always want to
stay in bed.
Why, he—he—he——

HANS
(*coming down*).

Stop! That kind of talk won't get a thing, so
please, Alarm, don't do it.

ALARM.

I swear that if she throws me down and favors
you, you'll rue it.

HANS.

Your threats don't frighten us a bit, so, False
Alarm, forget it!

ALARM.

You'll see the day, not far away, when you will
both regret it.

(ALARM *stalks angrily back to his friend* CUCKOO, *and they plot together in pantomime.*)

HANS.

He's full of wheels,
Pay no attention to him, dear.

GRETCHEN.

How sweet it feels
To know that my brave Hans is near.

HANS.

Your Hans. . . . *Yours*. . . . Can that be truly so?

GRETCHEN.

I know it isn't modest my affection thus to show;
You've often said you loved me, dear——

HANS.

But you have been so shy
You ne'er would say yea or nay when I begged for reply.

GRETCHEN.

But if to-night I really *should*—
If I make love to *you*
(I told that False Alarm I would)—
Do you still love me too?

HANS.

With all my works! But listen, dear,
Learn something of my past:
My parents were Church Clocks severe,
But *one day I ran fast!*

GRETCHEN.

I won't believe it! Anyhow, I'm sure that you've run square;

It's what you are and what you are to me—that's
all I care.

HANS.

Darling!

GRETCHEN.

If you do not have your way,
Would you miss me, Hans?

HANS.

Yes!

GRETCHEN.

Then you—then you may—
You may—kiss me, Hans.

(*They kiss.* CUCKOO *calls,* ALARM *rings violently.*)

GRETCHEN

Don't mind them—Say you love me true.

HANS

(*fervently*).

I do—I do.
Oh, dear Dutch Clock, listen to my plea,
If I dared hope you would care for me
I'd tick for you
So quick for you
I'd run—
From sun to sun for you.

I'd rhyme—chime—ring—sing,
In short do anything—

GRETCHEN
(*embracing him*).

My King!

(CUCKOO *calls again, and as* HANS *and* GRETCHEN *stand lovingly whispering down* R., ALARM *and* CUCKOO *take up dialogue.*)

ALARM.

You're sure you found that out
About his past?
It's true beyond a doubt
That he was fast?

CUCKOO.

Sure? May I die on a shelf,
But he told me so himself.

ALARM.

Good!
When I tell this to Grandpa Clock I'll show up that four-flush.
You watch and see me stop this awful case of mush.
(*They cuckoo and laugh heartily.*)

HANS.

Laugh on, False Alarm. You yourself are a jest.

ALARM.

The one who laughs last is the one who laughs best.

DUET NO. 3.

HANS, GRETCHEN AND DUTCH BOY CLOCKS.

GRETCHEN, MAEDCHEN MINE.

I.

I have traveled in various towns,
To numerous homes and places;
And I've met, in my ups and downs,
A great many sweet young faces.
I've been far away to the U. S. A.,
Where Ingersolls even go right,
And over in France, where they show at a glance
That they much prefer running at night,
But wherever I've been and of all I have seen
I am free to confess you're the queen.

REFRAIN.

Dearest Gretchen,
Sweetest Maedchen,
I'm so proud that you're mine.

Lots of Dutch clocks in
Amsterdam, Rotterdam,
  Other dam places are fine.
But you're so sweet
You've got 'em all beat,
  You are simply divine.
I love you so much,
You dear little Dutch
  Little Gretchen, Maedchen Mine.
I love you so much,
You dear little Dutch
  Little Gretchen, Maedchen Mine.

II.

In Moscow, the clocks, with their chimes,
  Would call me and ask me to woo them;
And the sweet Berlin bells were, at times,
  Enticing—although I scarce knew them.
And every clock miss in the land of the Swiss
  Had movements that nobody knocks;
And this may sound silly, but over in Philly
  They even wear clocks on their socks.
But wherever I've been and of all I have seen
I'm free to confess you're the queen.

REFRAIN.

(*After song,* ALARM *goes up to* GRANDPA CLOCK *and speaks.*)

ALARM.

Grandfather Clock, let me whisper in your ear;
I've most unpleasant news that really you must hear.
I *hate* tale-bearers—you know that very well.

GRANDPA.

Well, come on, lad—what is't you've got to tell?

ALARM.

Your grandchild Gretchen—prepare now for the shock—
Is flirting most *outrageously* with the little Dutch Clock.

GRANDPA.

O, well, she's young, and so is he—
They both will learn in time;
And flirting doesn't seem to me
So terrible a crime.

ALARM.

But he and she are holding hands—you *know that* isn't nice;

And, worse than all, I saw him *kiss* her *once,* or maybe twice.

GRANDPA.

Well, now that's different—I don't like those kissing games and such;

To kiss her once, or maybe twice, was once or twice too much.

ALARM.

And, too, I've heard it rumored that he has a lively past;

But this I *know*—I'm sure it's so—he once *was very fast!*

GRANDPA

(*loudly—the preceding has all been whispered*).

For shame! For shame! Now, really, on my word!

This is the most exasperating news I've ever heard.

Until to-night we've never had a scandal in this shop.

And now, by all the gods, I swear this thing has got to stop!

(*He crosses to where* HANS *and* GRETCHEN *are talking lovingly together.*)

Here now—you two—this thing I can't condone.

(*To* HANS.)

You go back to your shelf and leave this little Clock alone.

GRETCHEN.

Oh, Grandfather Clock! Don't tear him from my side.

I love him and I want to be his chiming little bride.

GRANDPA.

That can never, never be——

GRETCHEN.

I'll love him to the last.

GRANDPA.

You won't when you learn that he once was very fast.

A Grandfather Clock must stand for years against a wall,

But I won't stand for any fast young Clock—that's all!

HANS

(*to* GRETCHEN—*miserably*).

Then I must go?

GRETCHEN

(*crying*).

No—darling—no!

ALARM
(*gleefully*).

Don't listen to that clown.

HANS
(*sturdily*).

I'll do you harm,
You False Alarm.

GRETCHEN.

How *dared* you run him down!

ALARM.

Well, Cuckoo told me it was so——

HANS:

You sneaking little tike,
If a lady wasn't present you'd see how I can *strike*.

GRANDPA.

Time! Time! I'm the oldest here, I vow.
Time! Time! Enough of all this row.
(*Enter* FATHER TIME, *with his hour glass and scythe*.)

TIME.

Who calls for time, and what's this fuss about in here?
You know that New Year's eve's my busiest night of all the year.

"Shall I try it now? Do you think I've got a chance?"

Within this very hour I must lead the young year in.
If you MUST make a noise, wait till twelve—*then* raise a din.

GRETCHEN.

We'll leave it to dear Father Time, I'm sure he'll treat us well.

GRANDPA.

I'm quite agreed. He's just the one, FOR TIME ALONE CAN TELL.

HANS.

Well, Father Time, it's thus——

GRETCHEN.

Let me tell him first, my dear.

ALARM.

No, me! I'm sure I'll state it fair——

GRANDPA.

No, I'm the oldest here——

TIME.

Peace! Peace! Fuss and fury!
Is this some children's sport?
You Clocks may be the jury,
I the judge. We'll hold a court.

(*Music. Court formed.* ALARM, *prosecutor;* HANS, *defendant, etc.*)

TIME

(*seated at table, rapping hammer*).

Order in the court! Who represents the defendant?

HANS.

I'll speak for myself——

ALARM

(*sneeringly*).

How independent!

TIME.

You're for the prosecution, if I rightly understand.

ALARM.

That's me, Your Honor, every time. Call Cuckoo to the stand.

(CUCKOO *takes the stand.*)

TIME

(*swearing him*).

Do you, O Cuckoo, swear that all you testify is true?

CUCKOO.

I doo—cuckoo—cuckoo—I doo.

ALARM.

Now tell us, Cuckoo, what you know about the
Dutch Boy's past.

CUCKOO.

Well, this I know:
Some years ago
He once was very fast!

(*Omnes shocked.*)

ALARM.

And did you not see *further* evidence of his vice?
Did he not kiss
This sweet Dutch miss
Once—or maybe twice?

CUCKOO.

That's true—cuckoo—that's true!
That's what I saw him do—cuckoo!

ALARM
(*imitating*).

That's all, Cuckoo, you're through—
(CUCKOO *steps down.*)
I leave my case to you.

TIME.

Well, come on, Hans, right up here;
Don't keep us in suspense.

I'm holding back the New Year
To hear what's your defence.

HANS.

I must admit there's truth in all my rival had to say.
But now I'm going right and straight, and mean to stay that way.
My parents were the strictest Church Clocks here in all the town,
And they would be heart-broken to hear that I'd run down.
But father wound me up too tight,
And so I struck one fatal night,
For I was bound
To run around.
I thought life was a joke.
'Twas running thus, I grieve to tell,
I stumbled—lost my balance—fell.
Too late to mend,
I thought the end
Had come, for I was broke.
When Cuckoo drew from me my past
I told him that I'd once been fast,
But now since I've met Gretchen here I've led a model life.

GRETCHEN.

Oh, Father Time, I love him so! Why mayn't I be his wife?

I must insist
You foil this plot.
'Twas *I* who kissed—
Poor Hans did not.

This skulking villain, False Alarm, has sworn that I would be
His wife, or he would take revenge on poor dear Hans and me.
It's jealousy——

TIME.

Oho! I see!
I *thought* perhaps 'twas something of that sort.
That settles it. "Not guilty" is the verdict of this Court!
(*Clocks all ring joyfully.*)
And *you,* you False Alarm Clock, you run straight from to-day,
Or solitary *time* for years as penalty you'll pay.
It doesn't harm a boy a bit to go through pain and strife,
Then settle down for good and take unto himself a wife.

And so I've quite decided—they'll be married on the spot.
I ask you, Hans and Gretchen, are you willing, dears, or not?

HANS AND GRETCHEN.

We are.
(*All make church picture, to music.*)

TIME.

Gretchen, do you take this Hans to love, to honor —cherish?

GRETCHEN.

I do.

TIME.

Hans, will Gretchen be your dear old Dutch Clock until you perish?

HANS.

She will.

TIME.

Give her the ring.
Loudly and proudly
Give her the ring!
(HANS *rings his chime.*)

TIME.

I pronounce you Mr. and Mrs. Church Clock!

ALL.

Church Clock?

TIME.

Yes. For their future, as you know,
Time alone can tell, and so
Time alone will let you see
What their future's going to be.
Like his parents, Hans and bride,
In a church tower, side by side,
Evermore shall spend their days
Singing high in Heaven's praise.

(*He sings.*)

For all the world is just a little Clock Shop,
And every little Clock must play his part.

(*etc., as in opening number.*)

(*As Clocks join refrain and slowly the ticking runs down to a silence—when suddenly a beautiful clanging as of fifty Church Chimes is heard, the Shop disappears and the vista of a hundred high towers is seen in a snow-storm.* HANS *and* GRETCHEN, *faces in twin steeples of a quaint old Church, and——*

Curtain.

THE ROBE OF WOOD

A Chinese Play

by

JOHN GOLDEN

THE ROBE OF WOOD.

Produced for the first time in the Lambs Theatre, New York City, March 7th, 1915, with the following

CAST.

The Mandarin.....Woo Hi Yin.....*Lewis S. Stone*
The Guard.....Won See Kom....*George Howell*
The Lily Flower...Suey Sin Fah...*Effingham Pinto*
The Wood Carver...Tai Loy Jung.....*Robert Ober*
The Play Actor....San Git Sing..*Clifton Crawford*

Staged by Robert Milton.

THE ROBE OF WOOD.

Produced at the Palace Theatre, New York City, Feb. 28th, 1916, with the following

CAST.

The Mandarin.....Woo Hi Yin....*Harold Hartsell*
The Guard.....Won See Kom...*Manton Marble*
The Lily Flower...Suey Sin Fah.....*Felice Morris*
The Wood Carver...Tai Loy Jung.....*Guy Milham*
The Play Actor....San Git Sing....*George Spelvin*

THE ROBE OF WOOD

Scene: Woo Hi Yin's *study—a rich Chinese Mandarin's multi-colored "best" room. The house is in the city of Chung King, which is built mostly on the water. Through the openings in the large paper windows Up Right of Centre the flowing river can be seen glistening in the setting sunlight, and occasionally heard to swish its way against and under the house. There are doors Down Left and Up Left of Centre. On the wall U. R. is painted a wicked-looking caricature of an old Chinese god with two large green tiger-like glass eyes, which are practical and removable for observation from the adjoining room. There is a screen Up Right of Centre. A table Right of Centre with chairs Right and Left of the table. On the table a jade tea-pot and tea cups (without saucers).*

Time: Early evening.

Discovered: Woo Hi Yin, *looking out on the river through the window. He comes ner-*

vously down to table and lights a long pipe —paces floor.

THE GUARD *enters through door U.L.*

GUARD

(*prostrating himself*).

Excellency—Mandarin Woo Hi Yin.

WOO.

Speak!

GUARD.

I am stricken with grief—your poor servant, Soo Kow, has passed to the shades of his ancestors.

WOO.

Dead!—The Doctor was with him?

GUARD.

Yes, Excellency.

WOO.

You asked him for the burial paper?

GUARD

(*producing scroll*).

It is here. (*Hands it to* WOO HI YIN, *who grimly glances through it as* GUARD *timidly proceeds.*) The—the—honorable doctor seemed

surprised that you were to bury a servant in Consecrated Ground!

Woo

(*in a flash of anger*).

He *dared* show surprise at the orders of the Mandarin Woo Hi Yin?

Guard.

Perhaps I should not say—surprise—perhaps——

Woo.

Perhaps curiosity? Eh? I am right?

Guard.

You are ever right—but he said——

Woo.

Well—said what?

Guard.

A burial in Consecrated Ground was only for one of higher caste.

Woo.

How does the grovelling doctor or a worm such as you know of what caste the good Soo Kow may have been? And when the Mandarin Woo Hi Yin expresses a wish——

GUARD.

It is an order obeyed!

WOO.

When the coffin comes, bring it in here.

GUARD.

Here?

WOO.

I must have the opening in your ears slit larger?

GUARD.

I honorably hear very clearly.

WOO.

Then hear this and pass the instructions to all of our Guards. When the coffin-maker comes, he is to be kept under the strictest watch and *never permitted to leave this place* without my personal sanction. Obey this upon your life.

GUARD.

Upon my miserable life! (*Grovels, rises, and is about to go; then he turns.*) Is the lady, Suey Sin Fah, to be honored with an audience soon? She has been waiting your convenience.

Woo.

Ah, I had forgotten her, Won See.

Guard.

Will it please your Excellency to see her now?

Woo.

Please? It will delight me! Admit the beautiful Lily Flower, Suey Sin Fah!

(Guard *bows low and exits U.L.* Woo *primps; pours perfume from a silken kerchief to the Mandarin Dragon which is embroidered on his breast.* Suey Sin Fah *enters and stands in the doorway, smiling sweetly.*)

Suey Sin Fah.

It is supremely gracious of the Mandarin Woo Hi Yin to have sent for so poor and miserable a creature as Suey Sin Fah.

Woo.

It is divinely gracious of the Lady Suey Sin Fah to thus honor the humble dwelling of Woo Hi Yin.

Suey.

I bow in deepest respect to you, oh cousin Mandarin! Your honorable clothes are very handsome.

WOO.

They are worthless rags.

SUEY.

And their exquisite perfume——

WOO.

The perfume of the lily flower, to welcome Suey Sin Fah, the Lily Flower of Chung King! (*He goes up and leads her down to table.*) Deign to sit and drink of my worthless tea. (*He pours; they sit and sip formally.*) You were most prompt in answer to my message.

SUEY.

Your summons to a cousin Chinese maiden is the equivalent of a command.

WOO.

You have no idea of my object?

SUEY.

I am truly ignorant.

WOO

(*shrewdly*).

My message mentioned the fact that your worthy friend, Tai Loy Jung, the coffin maker, would be here. (*He watches her closely.*)

SUEY
(*languidly*).

Yes, now that you mention it—I *do* recall—you said my friend, Tai Loy Jung——

WOO
(*quickly*).

Then he *is* your friend!

SUEY.

Why not? You, too, Woo Hi Yin, are a friend——

WOO.

A much better—a *dearer* friend, I deign to hope.

SUEY
(*nervously*).

But you said Tai Loy Jung was——

WOO.

Here. And so I believe he is—— (*Rising, as though to ring for* GUARD.) Would you see him now?

SUEY.

Oh, I can wait.

Woo
(*suddenly*).

You think he loves you!

Suey.

He presumes to do such a thing?

Woo.

You have been at his shop in the Street of the Great Gates more times than you had desires to purchase.

Suey
(*rising*).

You have augustly had me watched?

Woo
(*rising and bowing*).

I am honorably interested in everything the beautiful Lily Flower may do.

Suey.

There has been no word of love between us.

Woo.

That is well, for I can tell you now, Tai Loy Jung, the wood-carving youth, covets your great wealth. Ivory is not obtained from rats' teeth.

SUEY.

The young carver of wood is ignorant of my wealth.

WOO.

No doubt—no doubt he has *told* you he was ignorant of your wealth. A wife should excel in five things— (*Counting on his fingers.*) Cooking, needlework, virtue, obedience and silence. You, sweet Suey Sin Fah, are augustly perfect in them all. (*With sudden passion.*) The Great Mandarin has known many women, but he has never even considered granting one the high honor of becoming his wife. (*He takes a step toward her;* SUEY SIN FAH *draws away.*)

SUEY.

Many of our maidens would be celestially happy——

WOO.

I have plans for your future, Suey Sin Fah, that raise you far, far beyond the world of the poor wood-carver. Plans that bring you near to the sun—where great power and position await you——

SUEY.

Suey Sin Fah is but a modest Lily Flower and must not approach too near the great sun lest she wither and die!

WOO.

There is nothing too high in this or all the celestial worlds for my Suey Sin Fah. (*He approaches her with a grim smile—she shrinks away.*)

SUEY.

You are augustly lavish in your praises. (*Her hand unconsciously goes to the golden dagger which hangs on a long chain from her neck.*)

WOO

(*examining it*).

Ah! Suey Sin Fah wears a golden dagger—its jewels are exquisite.

SUEY

(*withdrawing it*).

A gift from my celestial father. It bears his crest. (*She has it back.*)

WOO

(*suddenly—fiercely*).

If this wood-carver dares to interfere with my

plans for you—my guards shall honorably send him to the shades of his ancestors!

SUEY
(*terrified*).

You would *kill* Tai Loy Jung?

WOO.

If you loved him! (*Fiercely.*) Do you?

SUEY
(*after a pause*).

Do I love him?—No.

WOO.

Swear you will forbid him to love you!

SUEY.

Must I swear?

WOO.

By your father's soul—you must.

SUEY.

I swear I shall *forbid* him to love me.

WOO.

You shall tell this to him now. (*Rings gong.*)
He is here, bringing to me a richly carved coffin.

TAI.

It is my only coffin. I have never made another. It was done for practice. I shall never make another.

WOO.

Perhaps *not*.

TAI.

You have been most honorably generous in the price to be paid for my handiwork.

WOO.

Then perhaps I may beg of Tai Loy Jung a small favor in return.

TAI.

I am flattered by such a privilege.

WOO.

Then I ask as the favor that you leave Chung King!

TAI.

Leave my native city—my—those I love?

WOO.

Those you love! You have only an honorable mother.

TAI.

Whom I devoutly adore.

WOO.

Your words "*Those* I love" would imply that there is another whom you love.

TAI.

I am not sure, Mandarin Woo Hi Yin, that it is within your power to force me to answer.

WOO.

You need not. I *know*. The crab jumps the kettle, but he does not live long. You dare to cast your eyes as high as the Lily-bud feet of the maiden Suey Sin Fah and you must never see her again!

TAI.

Must! I dislike that august word!

WOO.

You would defy the Mandarin Woo Hi Yin?

TAI.

It is beyond my poor understanding to know what relation there can be between the Mandarin Woo Hi Yin—the delivery of a coffin—and Suey Sin Fah!

Woo.

I am waiting for your answer.

Tai

(*after a second's pause*).

This, then, is my answer! For one exquisite smile from the perfectly painted red lips of the celestial Suey Sin Fah, Tai Loy Jung, the carver of wood, would defy the gods of seven heavens, the god of Thunder, the Sacred Spirit of his own celestial ancestors, *and* Woo Hi Yin, the Mandarin!

(*As* Tai *utters the last word of this speech,* Woo *strikes the gong quickly.* The Guard *appears in door U.L. and bows.*)

Woo.

Bring the robe of wood. (Guard *promptly disappears and almost immediately reappears with another huge* Guard, *bearing between them a magnificently colored box with a dragon and moon carving on either side. They place it U.R. of Centre near screen; during this business,* Woo *continues to talk to* Tai *very calmly.*) It is my august desire to hold solitary prayer over the body of poor Soo Kow, my valued servant. I

have further business and the matter of your payment to discuss with you. If you will do me the honor of waiting my short prayer in the antechamber— (*He indicates door U.L. and* Tai, *with a bow, exits. To* Guard.) Watch him closely and see that no living soul enters until my prayers are finished. (The Guards, *bowing, exit.* Woo *watches them off. Goes to both doors and sees that they are tightly closed; goes to window and draws shade. Extinguishes a light or two to give room a dull, amber color. Then goes up to coffin and looks into it.*) Poor Soo Kow—the fish must be your coffin—the water, your grave! (*As he speaks, he gets from beneath table a weight of lead, evidently very heavy; this he ties to the body in the coffin. He then goes to trap door and lifts it. Water is heard rushing beneath; he goes back to the coffin, lifts the body high and throws it through trap. There is a splash of water; then* Woo *closes the trap, draws the screen before the coffin and goes to door D.L. and calls.*) Suey Sin Fah! (Suey Sin Fah *enters.*) I have spoken to the young woodcarver, Tai Loy Jung, but my august words make little impression. His love for you is

greater even than I had thought. I honorably prefer peaceful ways, however, and since you have given me your oath—I must ask you to warn him and forbid his love. Will you see him now?

SUEY.

If I might humbly suggest—that I see him—*alone?*

WOO.

You *shall* see him alone. (*Rings gong.*)

SUEY.

My words may thus have a stronger effect upon his presumption!

WOO

(*to* GUARD, *who is in door* ***U. L.***).

Request the wood-carver, Tai Loy Jung, to enter. (GUARD *disappears.*) I hope, for *his* sake, your august words will fall upon attentive ears. (*He bows and exits through door* ***D.L.*** *as* TAI LOY JUNG *enters from* ***U.L.***)

TAI.

Divine Suey Sin Fah! Here!

SUEY

(*without stopping for breath*).

I must speak to you at last and quickly. Woo Hi Yin is a cousin of our sublime family. I am here upon his command. At this moment we are both prisoners—he has made me swear that I would forbid you to—that I would forbid you to —to love me——

TAI.

Forbid the sun to rise on the morrow!

SUEY.

You are in a nest of serpents!

TAI.

I fear them not.

SUEY.

You are in great danger!

TAI.

I am gloriously happy—to have had you care enough to send one word of warning from your lotus lips has brought eternal joy to Tai Loy Jung. I have never been permitted to speak to you before—to see you thus alone—to tell you of my never-ending adoration—but now I am willing to die—gloriously happy——

SUEY.

And if I forbid you to love me?

TAI.

Forbid the stars and the moon to shine on you! The lilacs—azaleas—and the purple wistaria to throw their perfume to you—the Flowery Kingdom to live for you—they are all more easily controlled than my love for you! When you first came near my shop on the Street of the Great Gates—walking as exquisitely graceful as a butterfly on twin needle-points—you gave me a glimpse through your fan, oh, beautiful Suey Sin Fah, of those glorious eyes—half-closed—but through your long black lashes showing that I was not unwelcome to your sight!

SUEY.

I meant my eyes to show that!

TAI.

You came again—with your nurse——

SUEY.

And again! I know I should have stayed away——

TAI.

No, no!

SUEY.

Yes. But I couldn't. I know you carve wood not for poverty but because of your god-like talent—I know your father wore the sapphire button of a third degree mandarin—and my own ancestor of great name was no higher in caste—and, oh, Tai Loy Jung, if it were not forbidden for a Chinese maiden I should have spoken to you and told you then what I had so often told to the silver stars hanging in the heavens—that I wanted you—to—love me. Of course I couldn't do *that*—because it is wrong—sinful—unmaidenly.

TAI.

Oh, Daughter of all the Flowers, I am ever haunted by you; ever standing in the visual presence of Suey Sin Fah, perfect from her twin lily-bud feet to her eye-brows like the leaf of the willow; her eyes like the kernel of an apricot; her mouth like a cherry; her face shaped like the melon-seed; her waist like a poplar and a willow in the wind.

SUEY.

Am I so near perfection?

TAI.

You *are*—perfection! From the moment your star-like eyes first peeped at me and smiled through your fan my heart has never ceased beating loudly—proudly—the rhythm of a love-song to your sweet face in its black hood of hair. The white gleam of your teeth between your red-painted lips—and, oh, your gold-colored hands! Suey Sin Fah, it is a great wickedness for a youth to address a maiden thus, but I am your abject grovelling slave—your glorious golden hands are holding me fast in a glorious chain of love!

SUEY.

It is a greater wickedness for a virgin even to listen—but Buddha will forgive!

TAI.

Buddha! (*Bows.*)

SUEY.

I love you—my miserable lips are cold with fear, but your honorable lips may augustly warm them with the fire of our first kiss!

TAI

(*kissing her*).

My Suey Sin Fah! Forever! My Suey Sin Fah!

SUEY.

My husband—forever! Wait! We are forgetting—we are still in the nest of the serpents! I overheard the order given to surround the place.

TAI.

Woo Hi Yin is powerful, but he cannot defy our laws by dishonorable murder. Come, I will take you from here—to your home—I am well armed. (*Clasps his hands to his waist and a look of startled surprise crosses his face.*) My knives have been taken from me!

SUEY.

You wore them when you entered the gates?

(*The glass eyes of the god on the wall are removed and in their place* WOO HI YIN'S *eyes can be seen.*)

TAI.

Yes. Woo Hi Yin is a devil magician—still, I fear him not. Your love shall be an amulet against the charm of the Evil Eye.

SUEY.

The Evil Eye! Look!—No! Do not turn. We are being watched by Woo Hi Yin—the fires from his eyes burn through the wall, but we shall augustly triumph over his wicked scheming. Come nearer to me but approach slowly,—he thinks you unarmed, but you shall have my golden dagger. I cannot hand it to you—but it is sticking in the floor,—at my feet—now—(*Opens kimono and shows dagger in floor.*) Come, grovel to the floor—at my feet—and as you rise, withdraw the dagger—so! (*He has suited the action to her words.*) Use it now—against Woo Hi Yin's treachery—but if you fail, then upon yourself and on Suey Sin Fah. I will wait for you.

TAI.

Suey Sin Fah, my own love!

SUEY.

Our love will carry us forever through the dark shadows of the River of Souls to the bosom of Buddha!

Woo

(*who has entered and is standing U. L. in the doorway, smiling*).

Buddha is sublime and will forgive the Mandarin Woo Hi Yin for this unceremonious interruption of an interview—(*he looks from one to the other and then comes down*)—which must have been extremely painful to you both. (Tai *and* Suey *step slightly nearer to each other, but make no sign.*) Suey Sin Fah has kept her oath and convinced the wood-carver of the utter hopelessness of his position?

Tai.

The night is coming on—the Lily Flower should augustly be at her honorable home.

Woo.

Her nurse and chair-bearers are waiting—and if the exquisite Suey Sin Fah must go——

Suey.

Yes, yes, I must augustly go. I have stayed too long. But I have spoken as you decreed—and—the matter is honorably settled—as you wished.

WOO.

You please me.

SUEY

(*in terror, but trying to trick* WOO).

And so, I will pray that you have a peaceful night, undisturbed by lurking ills or devil-dreams— (*Going coyly near to* WOO.) And so, if I might augustly beg a small favor?

WOO.

You have but to name it.

SUEY.

You are honorably kind. Then, I crave, O Great Mandarin Woo Hi Yin, that you instruct the wood-carver to follow my chair—at a respectful distance—so that if we were set upon or—or—if anything augustly happened——

WOO.

To the wood-carver?

SUEY.

Oh, no. Nothing *could* happen to him. But I am fearful that——

WOO.

Eh! I must detain the wood-carver a short

while—I have business to settle with him—concerning his beautiful coffin—and a *payment.*

TAI.

I do not ask payment tonight.

WOO.

But you shall be *paid* tonight! (*To* SUEY.) I am hopeful we can come to terms.

SUEY.

I'm sure you can, and that it will take but a moment. I shall wait. (*Exit* SUEY *D.L.*)

WOO

(*bows low; then turns on* TAI, *his face livid with suppressed rage*).

Well, Coffin-maker! I am listening for more black lies from your honorable teeth!

TAI.

The teeth are bone—the tongue is flesh—but the tongue lives longer than the teeth.

WOO

(*with terrific venom*).

The feathers of a phœnix are seldom united to the liver of a rat!

TAI.

You——

WOO.

Your hands feel for your knives—there are none there—I had them honorably removed—a wood-carver is too expert in their use.

TAI.

Am I a prisoner here?

WOO.

You are augustly watched by my guards, who completely surround the place. They will permit you to pass only upon my order.

TAI.

Suey Sin Fah is in no danger?

WOO.

My ancestors' tablets are no more sacred to me than the divine Suey Sin Fah!

TAI

(*satisfied for the moment*).

You have asked me to wait and discuss the matter of business regarding——

WOO.

Your coffin!

TAI.

It is no longer my coffin. I have sold it to you.

Woo.

You have not been *paid* yet. It may *still* be *your* coffin.

Tai.

I know not what your devil plans may have been, but they have augustly worked as though borne straight from heaven. They have brought together two souls that shall live as one through all eternity.

Woo.

I am very slow to anger, Tai Loy Jung, but you are toying with a typhoon. Swear to me that you will never again look at Suey Sin Fah!

Tai.

You would believe me?

Woo.

Oh, yes. I know enough of Tai Loy Jung to accept his honorable oath.

Tai.

And if I agree?

Woo.

You shall go forth from this house with a purse of jewels—free and unharmed.

TAI.

And if I refuse?

WOO.

I shall honorably kill you and bury your corpse.

TAI.

A burial! You would not dare to defy the Shades of my Ancestors!

WOO.

Woo Hi Yin fears nothing mortal—but he has gone to much trouble to avoid the slightest offence to your ancestors or the gods. Here is a burial certificate in consecrated ground. The ceremonies of your gorgeous funeral will do full justice to the gods and your ancestors' tablets. Here is your exquisite robe of wood that you have so adroitly carved——(*He steps up to the coffin.*)

TAI

(*going up*).

The body is gone!

WOO.

Did you think this beautiful coffin was for a miserable servant? No! We do not climb a tree

to catch a fish! Soo Kow has been buried according to his caste—come—you see how perfectly I have planned! (*Sits Right of table.*)

TAI.

Your plans to satisfy the gods and my ancestors' shades are perfect, but you cannot defy the authority of our *mortal* laws! Your head would be honorably separated from your trunk by the axe-man,—you should pay for murder with your own life—for it would be known that I had augustly died *here.*

WOO.

It will never be known.

TAI.

I saw my adored mother on the street as I came here and told her of my destination. Several of my workmen followed me here—Suey Sin Fah has seen me here——

WOO.

Your adored mother will see you on the morrow—but you will be dead! Your workmen will see you at your shop—but you will be dead! You will follow divine Suey Sin Fah to her door—*but you will be dead!*

TAI.

You are a devil magician, Woo Hi Yin—but I am filled with honorable curiosity to know how I may do all these things—when I am dead.

WOO.

The Great Mandarin Woo Hi Yin will be augustly pleased to gratify your miserable curiosity. (*Rings large gong four times. Door U. L. is opened and standing in its frame is* SAN GIT SING, *an exact counterpart of* TAI LOY JUNG!)

TAI.

Devils and Divinities! Have I swallowed my own eyes?

WOO.

It took time to find San Git Sing—one thread does not make a rope—but we worked and planned and all the while you have been a cat treading on my heart!

TAI.

There is no one there—it is a reflection!

WOO.

It is San Git Sing, my agent, who will go forth from here when you are dead—show himself at

SKETCH BY JOHN GOLDEN SHOWING HIS SUGGESTIONS FOR CHARACTERS
AND PLAN OF SETTINGS FOR "THE ROBE OF WOOD"

your rooms—at your shop on the Street of the Great Gates,—and when all suspicion has been averted from *this* place, San Git Sing will have quietly disappeared.

TAI.

He may not deceive my adored mother! The eyes of love are keen!

WOO.

Ah, the eyes of love! We shall have a test now. It will please me to show you before you die how easily the eyes of love may be deceived. You, Tai Loy Jung, will step behind the screen, and from the door I will have the divine Suey Sin Fah look upon your counterpart.

TAI.

I am agreed—'twill be augustly interesting! (*Starts up to screen U.R. as* WOO *faces down towards door. Then approaching* SAN GIT SING.) You are wonderful—wonderful—a mirror——(*He claps his left hand across* SAN GIT SING'S *mouth and with his right stabs him.*)

WOO

(*at door*).

Suey Sin Fah!

SAN

(*groaning*).

Ah!

(TAI *grabs* SAN'S *hat—claps it on his own head and stands where* SAN *stood.* SAN *clutches at his stomach which is bleeding and falls into chair.* WOO *pulls door shut, turns and stands there holding it as* SUEY SIN FAH *beats it and cries.*)

SUEY

(*in the other room*).

You called! Let me in! Who cried?

TAI

(*speaking in a hoarse whisper and holding out* SUEY SIN FAH'S *dagger to* WOO).

Tai Loy Jung sprang at you and would have killed you had I not taken this knife from him!

WOO

(*still holding door; looks at knife*).

Her dagger! She passed it to him! You did well, San Git Sing. Quick now! Take her to her home—then show yourself in the great highways—to his workmen in the shop—on the Street

of the Great Gates—at his home—to his august mother—quick! (*He opens the door.*)

SUEY
(*entering*).

What has happened—Tai Loy Jung!

WOO.

Tai Loy Jung is here—is he not?—is he not?

SUEY.

Yes!

WOO.

Take her—take her to her home—go——(*He hurries them off; then looks at what he supposes to be* TAI LOY JUNG'S *body and disdainfully mutters*). The feathers of a phœnix are seldom united to the liver of a rat!

Slow Curtain

THE VANISHING PRINCESS

A Magical Play

THE CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY:

Mr. I-Say
Miss Cindy
Matinka
The King

THE VANISHING PRINCESS

Scene: We are in the quaint, misty, musty magic-shop of MATINKA, *the once-famous Master Magician.*

Youth and Magic go together, but when gray hairs come Old Age resorts to tricks to simulate Youth, and MATINKA *has descended from the brewing of true magic to the business of selling tricks.*

If you care to know how to make a rabbit jump out of a little boy's ear, or the secret recipe by which you can scramble eggs in a gentleman's silk hat and still remain a gentleman, you may—for an absurdly small sum—learn from MATINKA *just how these things may be done.*

Alas and alack! Business is none too brisk, for what with the radio and other bewildering inventions the Practical Public is fast losing faith in fairy-things.

However, there is a very happy, very old story of magic-romance in this place if you have the eyes to see it.

The shop is stuffed with many grand and gaudy mysteries, made by the deft hands of poor MATINKA *when the magic was still in his fingers.*

Here are grinning masks and care-free dummies—some have happy faces—some have wistful faces—and some have no faces at all. Mysterious sawed-off hands try to clutch you from the corners—a crocodile eyes you hungrily from the ceiling—playing cards hang on invisible wires—magic wands —brass and silver gew-gaws—giant dice—skulls on plate glass—and in the very centre of it all is a curtained cabinet in which there stands an empty chair. This is MATINKA'S *Great Vanishing Act.*

Through the windows of the little shop you can see the street and the snow and the houses on the other side all huddled together to keep warm.

And there can't be snow at this magic season without chimes—so there are chimes, soft and delicate as a mother's memories.

Later you will see a lighted candle warm-

ing a window here and there in the houses across the way.

Between the shop windows there hangs on great black hinges the Blue Door from the street. Fastened to it is the Yellow Bell which rings politely when you enter.

In one corner there is an old fireplace with a pot hanging on a crane.

A broken-down counter, a few hopeless chairs, a work-bench and a kit of shiny tools are about the room.

In another corner there is a little tired door. It is open just now so that with one glance you may see where and how MATINKA *lives.*

Outside the snow is softly falling, but you cannot see clearly. Evening is coming on.

Occasionally a pedestrian hurries by, coat collar turned up, with an armful of bundles, for this is Christmas Eve.

The shop is empty, but in a moment or two the Blue Door is rudely opened, the Yellow Bell jangling a complaint at such treatment, and there before us is MR. I-SAY, *the most disagreeable-looking man you ever*

saw, and obviously the sort of person to whom one owes money.

He stands there slapping the snow from his great fur overcoat, grunting his disapproval of everything as he glares about the place.

He bangs his stick upon the floor, but as no one answers he bawls.)

MR. I-SAY.

Is anybody in? (*Stomp-stomp-stomp.*) I say, is anybody here?

(*He looks in through the little tired door in the corner and, determining to investigate further, goes into the other room. Once more the street door opens, but this time the bell tinkles gently a welcome to a friend. It is* MISS CINDY, *staggering under the weight of a large bundle of sticks and a package wrapped in butcher's paper. She is tired, ragged and lovely. Of course you realize that she is none other than Cinderella herself. She places her parcel upon the counter and throws the sticks down on the hearth. She swings her arms to warm them and*

blows upon her poor red hands; then she places a few sticks in the fireplace and as she sets a match to them she burns her fingers.

CINDY.

Holey Swiss Cheese! (*She sucks her fingers and jumps about as* MR. I-SAY *quietly enters and frowns at her. Then, looking at her finger,* CINDY *speaks again.*) You big idiot!

MR. I-SAY.

Are you speaking to me?

CINDY.

I was speaking to my own finger and it was private, and you had no right to be listening. You'll get big ears snoopin' around like that!

MR. I-SAY.

You're very rude. I say, you're very rough.

CINDY.

I'm so tough—where I come from the canary birds sing bass!

MR. I-SAY.

Tct! Tct! Such language—I say, such language from little children.

CINDY.

I'm no little children—I'm a grown-up young lady. (*She points with pride to a knot at the back of her head.*) Pipe!

MR. I-SAY.

Are you Matinka's daughter?

CINDY.

No.

MR. I-SAY.

Then who are you? I say, where are you from?

CINDY.

I am Cindy. I was born in a carrousel and I'm still dizzy.

MR. I-SAY.

You work for Matinka?

CINDY.

Sure, I work for him. We sell tricks—don't you want to buy this? (*She has taken from the counter a dagger and, much to the surprise of* MR. I-SAY, *perhaps even to yours—unless you know how it is done—and very likely you do—she plunges it through her arm.*)

MR. I-SAY.

Good heavens! I say, good heavens, don't do that!

CINDY

(*loosening the dagger and showing it to* MR. I-SAY).

Ain't it a good one? Only seventy-five cents.

MR. I-SAY.

I don't want it. I say, I don't like it. I shouldn't think anybody would want to buy things like that.

CINDY.

Business *is* terrible. We ain't made enough in the last month to buy a blanket for a horsefly.

MR. I-SAY.

Then you're poor.

CINDY.

We're so broke we rattle.

MR. I-SAY.

I thought so. I want to see Matinka—I want to see him at once.

CINDY.

You can't do that because he ain't here—he went out a little while ago and I don't know

when he'll be back. Say, Mister, don't you want to take home one of these things around here? I'll sell it to you awful cheap.

MR. I-SAY.

No, thank you. I say, thanks no.

CINDY.

I heard you the first time. But, look! (*From the counter she takes something that is meant to look like a rose.*) Here's a thing you can have a barrel of fun with. Just smell it and I'll show you what it does. A hundred dollars' worth of fun for a dime—a thin, round dime!

MR. I-SAY.

I don't need a rose. I say, I don't need a rose.

CINDY.

You don't know whether you need this one or not. You don't know what it'll do—it's a trick—smell it!

MR. I-SAY.

I tell you I don't want one. I want to see Matinka! Do you know how long it's been since he's paid his rent? I say, do you know how long it's been——

CINDY.

Say, I'm so far ahead of you I'm lonesome. I got you now! You're the new landlord!

MR. I-SAY.

Yes, I am. I've taken over this property. The man who had it before was an old fool. I say, he was an old fool. From now on I propose to conduct matters in a businesslike way. Business is business is what I always say—I say, business is business—brass tacks—brass tacks!

CINDY.

Oh, buy a fiddle and rest your chin!

MR. I-SAY.

I shall leave here at once! I say, I shall leave here at once!

CINDY.

You mean you're not going to stay.

MR. I-SAY.

That's it exactly. And you can tell Matinka that he will have to pay before the end of the year or get out of here.

CINDY.

Get out of here? Why, where will we go?

MR. I-SAY.

That's no concern of mine. I'm a business man. I pride myself that when I'm talking business I talk business.—Oh, don't get the idea that I'm not charitable. I do lots of things for a great many people—well, when I say a great many—I do things for some people. Charity begins at home, I always say. I say, charity begins at home. But charity is one thing and business is another. You tell Matinka he's got to pay. He can't skin me. I say, Matinka can't skin me.

CINDY.

Aw, he wouldn't skin a banana. If you'll just wait a little while maybe we'll have some money.

MR. I-SAY.

Maybe, eh? I've heard that kind of talk before.

CINDY.

No, but maybe it's true! There's a great man that I know—and he's a King—and he said he might come and buy the disappearing act.

MR. I-SAY.

What are you talking about—a King—I say, a King and a disappearing act!

CINDY.

Yes. (*She shows* MR. I-SAY *the chair that* MATINKA *has made for the Vanishing Act.*) This is Matinka's very best trick—and the King has said he might buy it.

MR. I-SAY.

You're a lunatic. I say, you're crazy. I'll listen to no more of your nonsense. I believe in laying my cards on the table. I say, I lay my cards on the table,——

CINDY

(*quickly taking a pack of cards from the counter, throws them into the air and catches them. Of course, you know that there is a string through them.*)

Well, here's a trick pack that you can lay on the table, and I'll let you have them for twenty cents.

MR. I-SAY

(*starting toward the door and making a great deal of unnecessary noise with his stick*).

Good night, young lady. I say, good night.

CINDY.

Wait, please! Here—take them—you can have them for nothing. (MR. I-SAY *grabs the*

cards and puts them in his pocket.) But, please, Mister—please don't make me tell Matinka he's got to leave—not tonight. It's Christmas Eve and it would be an awful dirty deal if the only thing he got for Christmas was a notice to get t'blazes out of here. I don't have to tell him tonight, do I?

MR. I-SAY.

Now, really, young lady, a spade's a spade. I say, a spade's a spade—brass tacks—brass tacks!

CINDY.

Look! I'll give you this rose, too. We've got a lot of 'em and nobody's buyin' 'em anyway. You can have stacks of fun if you take it home and make somebody you don't like smell it. Don't you know somebody you don't like?

MR. I-SAY.

Of course I do!

CINDY.

Well, now, you smell this flower and you'll see what I mean. (MR. I-SAY *reluctantly puts his nose to the flower and a stream of water shoots into his face.* CINDY *laughs heartily but stops suddenly for there is a murderous gleam in his*

eye. Before she realizes it he has given her a push that sends her spinning to the floor.)

MR. I-SAY.

You miserable, ill-bred little wretch! I say, you ill-bred, miserable little wretch!

CINDY.

Say, who are you pushing?

MR. I-SAY.

Now you tell Matinka that I was going to give him a day or two in which to pay but because of you—I say, just because of you—I'm coming back here to-night, and if he hasn't got the money he'll have to get out! And a thousand curses—ten thousand curses—I say, a hundred thousand curses on you! (*With a glare that shrivels poor* CINDY *he stalks out of the shop, slamming the door behind him.*)

CINDY

(*on the floor, disconsolately going over something on her fingers, mumbles*).

That's a hundred and eleven thousand! Some curses! Now, why the blazes did I do that? Oh, gosh!

(*A little sob escapes her. Then, as she sees that the fire is getting low, she puts a stick or two on it and kneels there on the hearth, staring wide-eyed into the flames. Now the little bell rings again, as* MATINKA *enters through the Blue Door. He is a white-haired old gentleman, peering over brass-rimmed square spectacles. At the very first glance you may see that* MATINKA *is quite as timid as* MR. I-SAY *is bold.*)

MATINKA.

Hello, there. Hello, Cindy. A fire?—that *is* a surprise! (CINDY *goes to him and helps him with his tattered coat.*) Where ever did you get the wood?

CINDY.

The grocer's boy.

MATINKA.

The grocer's boy *gave* you all that wood?

CINDY.

Well, no. It was a trade. I showed him the knife trick and he wanted one—and, you see, I believe business is business. Brass tacks, I say, brass tacks. So I told him if he'd give me some

firewood I'd let him have the knife. I didn't think you'd mind.

MATINKA.

Of course not. But the wood was worth much more than the knife.

CINDY.

That's what he said. So rather than have him think I'd cheat him I—threw in a kiss.

MATINKA.

Cindy!

CINDY.

Oh, it was just a little one—you know—none of that vamp stuff. Where have you been?

MATINKA.

Next door to see Mrs. Dowdy.

CINDY.

Now, it's no use your talking about that.

MATINKA.

Cindy dear, do let's be reasonable. She asked me to come up and talk to her again about you.

CINDY.

I know—I know.

MATINKA.

She has so many children she needs someone to take care of them. And she says you'd have very little to do.

CINDY.

Now, you grab that by the horns, you can throw it better.

MATINKA.

But she's got some money.

CINDY.

What's that to us?

MATINKA.

You see, Cindy—you see, I haven't any. And I'm afraid you'll have to go.

CINDY.

You mean you're firing me?

MATINKA.

Y—Y—Yes.

CINDY.

Oh, bring that in Friday; it sounds fishy. You know you don't want me to go.

MATINKA.

I don't want you to go, but we're so poor——

CINDY.

I know—and we owe for the rent.

MATINKA.

How do you know that?

CINDY.

A little bird told me. Well, I wouldn't say exactly a *little* bird—but he was a *bird,* all right! I don't care what we ain't got—I know what we have got—and that's each other! You got as much chance to get rid of me as a snowball has in——

MATINKA.

Cindy!

CINDY.

Well, if you don't want me to swear, don't try to fire me again. You know what tonight is?

MATINKA.

Why, no, I——

CINDY.

Yes, you do. You know it's Christmas Eve.

MATINKA.

Why, yes—so it is!

CINDY

I've watched the people going by all day with bundles of presents under their arms—and I made up my mind you'd have a present, too. (*She hands him the package wrapped in butcher's paper. He takes it gingerly.*) Merry Christmas! Open it—go on, open it!

MATINKA

(*Opens the package and then looks at her helplessly*).

Meat!

CINDY.

That's what it is—a big piece of real meat!

MATINKA.

Cindy!

CINDY.

We didn't say nothin' to each other about tomorrow bein' Christmas because we hadn't any presents, but now we can talk about it because we've *got* one! You're goin' to put a nice big hunk of juicy meat under your belt!

MATINKA.

How did you ever get it?

CINDY.

The butcher's boy—for the rose that squirts water in your eye. And—oh yes,—a kiss.

MATINKA.

That wasn't nice!

CINDY.

No, it was a bum kiss. He ain't no Romeo. But I did want the meat for a Christmas present —and now we're going to have a feast.

MATINKA.

Cindy, you're just an angel. I couldn't get on without you.

CINDY.

Of course you couldn't. But you won't have to because I'm never going to leave you. You're going to be my family and I'm going to take care of you.

MATINKA.

It's a great responsibility. (*With a sigh, he sits.*)

CINDY.

Not at all. It's easy when you get used to it. I've always had somebody to take care of—that's

how I know. But you—you've been so long all alone—you never had no children——

MATINKA.

Yes, I did, Cindy. I had a boy—a son that my poor wife and I loved—a golden-haired lad——

CINDY.

You never told me.

MATINKA.

I never spoke about it to folks much because it kind of hurts—here—— (*He puts his hand to his heart.*) I guess I wasn't good enough for her. She ran away and took Danny with her. And then after a while I got word that she had died.

CINDY.

And your boy—Danny?

MATINKA.

I don't know. I never heard no more—it's nearly twenty years now. And sometimes I'm hoping——

CINDY.

That he'll come back? Sure he will! And he'll bring a great fortune—and then you won't

be poor any more and you won't have to work on dummy heads and disappearing tricks. Just sit around in your grand parlor all studded with pearls and diamonds, smoking ten-cent cigars and saving the swell bands for me (MATINKA *chuckles.*)

There now—you're laughing. See, we're *having* a Merry Christmas, aren't we? And look—see what else I've got! (*She takes from her pocket a poor wisp of mistletoe.*) Mistletoe! See! You can kiss anybody if you've got one of these!

MATINKA.

Who gave you that?

CINDY.

I'd—I'd rather not tell.

(*She turns away from him and pokes at the fire.*)

MATINKA.

Cindy, what's the matter? You're keeping something from me. You're blushing!

CINDY.

I am not—it's the fire. (*She goes over to him.*) Will you promise you won't tell anybody?

MATINKA.

Of course.

CINDY.

Never?

MATINKA.

Never.

CINDY.

Swear it! (*She kneels by his side.*)

MATINKA.

On my honor.

CINDY.

Cross your heart, too! (MATINKA *very gravely crosses his heart, too.*) I'm—I'm in love. (*She hides her head on his knee.*)

MATINKA.

My poor little girl!

CINDY.

He gave me this mistletoe and told me if I hung it up somewhere where we'd meet sometime——

MATINKA.

He? He? Who is he? Do I know him?

CINDY.

Oh, no. You've never met him—or anyone like him. He's a King!

MATINKA.

A King, Cindy? What are you saying?

CINDY.

I tell you he's a King! A really truly honest-to-God King!

MATINKA.

I can't believe——

CINDY.

Oh, but it's true! He's a King with a purple and vermin robe and a golden crown on his head all studded with jewels of the rarest vintage —and he carries a specter in his hand!

MATINKA.

But how—where——

CINDY.

It was on Main Street—a great crowd of the populace was doing him homidge. He was there in his chariot—and the chariot was all precious stones, too.

MATINKA.

Cindy, it's all so wonderful——

CINDY.

Yes, it is. And he was giving away medicine that he said cost many thousands of dollars for just a few pennies—doing it for the sake of humanity—and I went along with the crowd and followed the chariot—and he sat there on his throne—and he saw me—and—do you believe in love at first sight?

MATINKA.

It's all very strange.

CINDY.

He called me to him—and he spoke to me.

MATINKA.

The King—spoke to you?

CINDY.

Just like I was anybody. And he asked me how I felt and I said, "Very well indeed, your Majesty," and he said, "That's too bad, because my Indian Sagraw Zodiac could cure you of anything." And I told him again that I didn't have anything—and he said of course if I didn't have anything he couldn't cure me! Then after the crowd had gone away he talked to me again

and he asked me where I lived—and I told him about you—and the tricks—and the Great Vanishing Act—and he said maybe he'd come to see you and look at the trick; and I saw him again day before yesterday—and yesterday—and today he gave me this sprig of mistletoe and said he might come here tonight!

MATINKA.

Tonight! The King said he might come *here?*

CINDY.

To look at the Vanishing Act. He said perhaps he could use it to amuse his subjects.

MATINKA

(*as he rises and wanders about the room, greatly upset*).

Dear, dear,—if he should come here I wouldn't know what to say or to do.

CINDY.

Then I'll tell you. Just be yourself—and then when he finds out what a wonderful magician you are and that you were once the great Matinka—he'll make you Chief of his Court magicians or astrologers or something.

MATINKA.

But you, Cindy—he ought not to see you that way. Maybe you could wear the gown that we made for the Vanishing Princess Act.

CINDY.

Oh, that would be wonderful!—No, it wouldn't be right. I mustn't wear it. The King might not want to buy the trick if he saw the gown had been worn. And, anyway, I'd only have to tell him that I'd deceived him—that I wasn't really of royal blood.

MATINKA.

I suppose that's true.

CINDY.

But he mustn't see *you* this way. There surely won't be any harm in putting on your blue coat with the brass buttons so maybe he'll think you're a real astrologer or something.

MATINKA

(*as he goes to the door*).

Yes, yes. I'll do it now. We don't want him to think we're poor.

CINDY.

We don't want anybody to think we're poor—because we ain't.

MATINKA.

If he thinks we are you just show him our Merry Christmas steak. (*With a chuckle he goes out through the little tired door.*)

CINDY.

I'll get supper ready. We'll have a feast fit for a king! (*She lights two or three poor candles; then busies herself with the supper things. Once or twice she murmurs:*) The King! (*As she works she looks down at her stockings and observes a large ragged hole in one of them. She goes to* MATINKA'S *work-bench and with a brushful of black paint daubs her leg to hide the hole.*)

(*Through the store window the end of the Royal Chariot is seen. Mounted on the Chariot is* THE KING *himself, crowned and handsomely dressed, a flowing cape of royal purple over his shoulders.* THE KING *is speaking to his people. You can hear him quite clearly. It is all very strange—poor little Cinderella working by the fireplace—the snow*

gently falling outside—the lights in the windows of the houses across the way—and the crowd without, listening with rapt attention to the King's words:)

THE KING.

Come on, my good folks—listen to your friend, the great Medicine King! Come here among you to ease your pain—to alleviate suffering humanity! I have here the Pill that Will Cure every Ill; but before you go—I'll give you a show—at no great length—with a feat of strength—that will prove to you beyond the peradventure of a doubt the marvellous power one of these innocent-looking little pellets contains—the marvellous power that only one single pellet will bring to your King! I have here a bar of solid steel—examine please— (*He hands the steel bar to his people.*) Goliath and Samson together could not perform this feat of strength! And I get it all from just one of these pellets—which cure every ill that flesh is heir to. Observe, please —I swallow but one. If you did not see this with your own eyes you would doubt, and I should not blame you—the pill has done its work!

It has brought strength, health and power to me! Observe closely—— (*He bends the steel bar as though it were a piece of macaroni. The crowd is filled with awe.*) This pill, composed of Indian Sagraw and other secret ingredients, is a scientific compound working upon the bio-chemic system—each one of the twelve signs of the zodiac is represented in the human body by one of the twelve minerals, or cell-salts, in the blood. The cell-salt corresponding to the sign of the Sun is consumed more rapidly than the other minerals —hence a deficiency may arise which produces effects that we call disease.

Tell me the date of your birth and I will give you the birth-salt free—gratis—for nothing—with every bottle of my Sagraw Pill that Will, the price of which is one dime—ten cents—the smallest piece of silver coined by our beloved Uncle Sam.

The despondent and discouraged—all who are vacillating and unsuccessful—take my mighty and mysterious Indian Sagraw Zodiac Pill that Will and be cured forever!

(THE KING *is rapidly selling his wonderful wares.*)

Who wants the next bottle? Only a few more left—and the formula can never be duplicated.—Thank you—that's all—only ten cents—no, I couldn't take a cent more—I do this because I want to help humanity—here's your change—here's the last one—who'll take it?—thank you—sorry, I have no more. They're all gone!—Go now, my good people—and be happy. (*The crowd has bought and gone.*)

(THE KING *jumps down from his chariot and looks up at the sign above the Blue Door with the black hinges. He opens the door and the little Yellow Bell rings perhaps more happily than it has ever rung before.* CINDY *rises and bows very low.*)

CINDY.

Your Majesty!

THE KING.

Rise, Mistress Cindy. We would greet thee in truly royal fashion. (*He takes her hand and, as she rises, kisses it.*) True to our promise we are here at the trysting place.

CINDY.

I didn't think you'd come.

(THE KING *appears astounded at this remark for he replies in quite a loud voice.*)

THE KING.

What? You doubted us when we had given our royal word?

CINDY.

Oh, no—no, I didn't doubt you—only I didn't believe you—— (*Then, very quickly:*) That is, I didn't believe you'd remember.

THE KING.

Thou didst me but scant justice.

CINDY.

I didst?

THE KING.

Thou didst indeed! But, prithee give it no more thought. 'Tis forgiven.

CINDY.

Prithee, I thankst thou!

THE KING.

Pish tush! 'Tis nothing!

CINDY.

'Tis much—that thoust shouldst doest us so great an honor to visit our humble cot—with

thy royalst presence. 'Twere good indeed. (*She goes to a chair and with her apron wipes the seat.*) Wouldst thoust sittest downst? We ain't got no thronest for thoust. But if thoust wouldn't mind—Holey Swiss cheese, I got to stop eating sugar—I'm getting too refined!—I beg your pardon, your Majesty, but if we could just talk regular talk maybe we'd know what we were talking about.

THE KING.

Why, Cindy, I thought you liked it. Sure, it's a lot easier for me to be human. I thought you wanted me to play I was a real King.

CINDY.

Oh, but you are—aren't you?

THE KING.

Are you a princess of the royal blood?

CINDY.

Don't kid the goldfish—it's been around the globe. Of course I'm not.

THE KING.

Then no more am I a king. I'm just a medicine fakir who has been wand'ring 'round the world hoping to find somebody who would really believe in him.

CINDY.

I believe in you!

THE KING.

You do? Then my mission is fulfilled—my search is ended. And tonight—this Christmas Eve—I abdicate my throne. See! I doff my crown—never to wear it again! (*He takes off his crown and his purple robe, and there he is—a very nice young man!*)

CINDY.

Oh, why did you do that?

THE KING.

Because, Cindy dear, I have sold my last bottle of Sagraw—because I'm rich—richer than I ever dreamed—they say a sucker is born every minute, but mine came to me like shad—in roes—a million a month! And I've come home to find the poor lonely old man that you told me of—and to lay all my gold at his feet. (*From the robe he produces a great deal of money and many bags of gold.*) All this—(*he waves his hand majestically toward the gold*) is for the lonely old man who's been waiting all these years.

CINDY.

You're Danny!

THE KING.

That's me.

CINDY.

And I thought you were a King!

THE KING.

Does it make any real difference to you, Cindy dear? Can't you like me just as well now that you know I'm only Danny?

CINDY.

I don't know. You were such a grand King! But for Matinka's sake I'd a thousand times rather you were Danny.

THE KING.

That's it! And I want to be Danny to you.

CINDY.

Please don't talk so kind to me—I ain't sick!

THE KING.

Call me Danny—go on, now.

CINDY.

Danny.

THE KING.

Great! Now do you suppose you could call me Danny darling?

CINDY.

Oh, I'm sure I couldn't do that!

THE KING.

Aw, try. It isn't so awfully hard to say if you don't think about it much—just remember I think you're the sweetest, prettiest, dearest, most adorable creature in the whole world. And I guess the most patient. Oh, Cindy, all the folks around here have told me what you've done for my dad——

CINDY.

Tell them to use that apple sauce for dessert.

THE KING.

Don't you suppose I've learned all about how you've worked to help take care of an old man —and how you've suffered—how poor you've both been——

CINDY.

Don't rub it in, it's not liniment.

THE KING.

And then I saw you—that day—and the min-

ute I saw you I loved you, Cindy. And I planned to work till this very night, and finish selling my last bottle at this very door, and then come home —never to go away again.

CINDY.

Are you married?

THE KING.

I am not. I've waited for you. I want you to be my wife, Cindy. Now will you try to say Danny darling?

CINDY.

Will I? Danny darling—oh, Danny darling!

(THE KING *is just about to gather her into his arms, and if he did the story would be over—but he doesn't. Happily for those who like the play—if there be any*—MATINKA'S *voice is heard.*)

MATINKA.

Cindy! (*It comes as rather a shock to the two young people for, strangely enough, at this precise moment they are thinking of nothing in the world but each other.*)

(CINDY *guiltily jumps away from* THE KING, *and puts her finger to her lips with a warning "ssh."*)

CINDY.

Yes?

MATINKA.

Is anyone there with you? I've put on the old blue coat with the brass buttons!

CINDY.

Don't tell him too suddenly who you are. He's not very strong.

THE KING.

I know.

MATINKA

(*as he enters in the beautiful blue coat with the brass buttons.*)

Cindy, how do I look? Do you think the King—— (*He sees that they are not alone.*) Oh, I beg your pardon

CINDY

(*in her very grandest manner*).

My lord, permit me to present Matinka, the Master of Magic. Matinka, the King.

(THE KING *steps forward and tenderly takes Matinka's hand. When he speaks it is in a rather strange voice.*)

THE KING.

I'm very—very—(*there must be some dust in his throat!*) proud to meet you, sir.

MATINKA.

The honor is mine, sir.

THE KING.

This young lady has told me of a marvellous magic effect you have invented in the way of a Vanishing Act. I should like to buy it. Here's the money. (*To* MATINKA'S *great astonishment he picks up the largest bag of gold and flings it upon the counter.*)

MATINKA.

Buy it? But—but—you haven't seen it yet!

THE KING.

That will come later. It has been fully described to me and I want it.

MATINKA.

I should be very glad to have you buy it, sir. May I show it to you?

THE KING.

If you like.

MATINKA.

Then will you please sit there? (THE KING *sits.*) I call the effect "The Vanishing Princess." Come here, Cindy. You shall be the Princess-

bride who fades away. (MATINKA *leads* CINDY *to the chair in the cabinet.*)

THE KING.

If you please, sir, I hope you won't make her fade too far away.

CINDY.

You may never see me again!

THE KING.

Please don't say that!

MATINKA.

As you see, she is hidden for the moment with this magic cloth. Now you may make a wish—and if it is a fair one it is very likely to come true.

THE KING

(*and he says this very fervently*).

I *have* made a wish.

MATINKA

(*picking up a lighted candle*).

Observe I wave this three times before the magic cloth. I pronounce the mystic, cabalistic "Abracadabra"—I throw aside the cloth and the young lady has disappeared.

(MATINKA *suits his action to the word; he throws aside the cloth and sure as you live the chair is empty!*)

THE KING.

Wonderful! Wonderful! But can you bring her back?

MATINKA.

Oh, yes, if I choose.

THE KING.

Then please do choose to bring her back at once!

(*Although this may seem a dreadful time to interrupt the story, the Blue Door with the black hinges is suddenly opened, the Yellow Bell once again complains, and* MR. I-SAY *enters the shop.*)

MR. I-SAY.

Ah, there you are, Matinka! I say, there you are! I have called to talk over some very important business with you. I am not a man to mince words. I say, I don't mince things. I believe in laying my cards on the table, because business is business. That's what I always say. I say, business is business. Brass tacks, I say, brass tacks!

THE KING

(*with his most courtly bow*).

You're quite right, sir. And I'm sure you won't

mind waiting a moment or two until we've attended to another matter.

MR. I-SAY.

You're a very polite young man—but I'm not such a fool as I look. I say, I'm not such a fool as I look. Your smooth talk does not deceive me. I don't know you, sir—and I've come for a very serious talk with Matinka. I've been grossly insulted here. I'll have no more patience with Matinka or that crazy child he keeps around this place. I'll have the law on both of them! And I've come to talk it over. I say, I've come to talk it over very seriously.

THE KING

(*with peculiar emphasis and a sidelong glance at Matinka*).

While the gentleman is talking won't you ask him to sit down?

MATINKA.

Of course,—of course.

THE KING

(*pointing to the chair in the cabinet*).

To sit down there. Your best chair, of course.

MATINKA.

Oh—oh yes. Please be seated.

(*With a grunt or two,* MR. I-SAY *deposits himself in the chair of the cabinet. With a quick movement* THE KING *throws the magic cloth across the cabinet, picks up the candle and thrusts it into Matinka's trembling hand; he speaks in sharp, commanding tones.*)

THE KING.

Quick, now! Wave the candle and say the magic word! I have made a wish!

(*Before old* MATINKA *has time to think he has waved the candle—pronounced the fatal "Abracadabra."* THE KING *draws aside the magic cloth—and* MR. I-SAY, *thank goodness, has vanished!*)

MATINKA.

Oh, dear, dear! He's the new landlord! I must bring him back!

THE KING.

No—no—don't do that. He must disappear forever. This invention of yours will make us all rich—no one will ever again have to pay rent to a landlord!

MATINKA.

But it doesn't seem right.

THE KING.

To perdition with him! He's a heartless old villain and it's very fortunate that we can send him to oblivion where all villains should go.

(*To stop* MATINKA, THE KING *places his hand upon his arm. An almost imperceptible quiver goes through the old man. He looks queerly up into the boy's face.*)

MATINKA.

You'll pardon an old man, but I seem to feel that we have met before,—that I know you. My eyes are dim, but—— (*His gaze travels over the boy; he looks down at the hand.*) That ring!

THE KING.

It was mother's. She placed it there before she died. She told me of my father and asked me to find him and seek his forgiveness.

(MATINKA *looks into the eyes of* THE KING *for a long time and then falls into his arms.*)

MATINKA.

Danny!

THE KING

(*as he hugs his father tight*).

Dad!

MATINKA.

My boy! Oh, my boy, you've come back to me!

THE KING.

Yes, Dad, for always—to take care of you and Cindy—Cindy! Cindy!

(*He throws aside the magic cloth and* CINDY, *in the beautiful gown of the Princess-bride, steps down from the cabinet.*)

CINDY.

Yeah! Look—I'm all dressed up like a salad!

(*She takes the crown from the counter and places it on the King's head. From somewhere comes the sound of Christmas chimes and the melody of a wedding march is softly heard.* THE KING *and the* PRINCESS CINDY *slowly walk to the arms of* MATINKA *as*

The Curtain Falls.

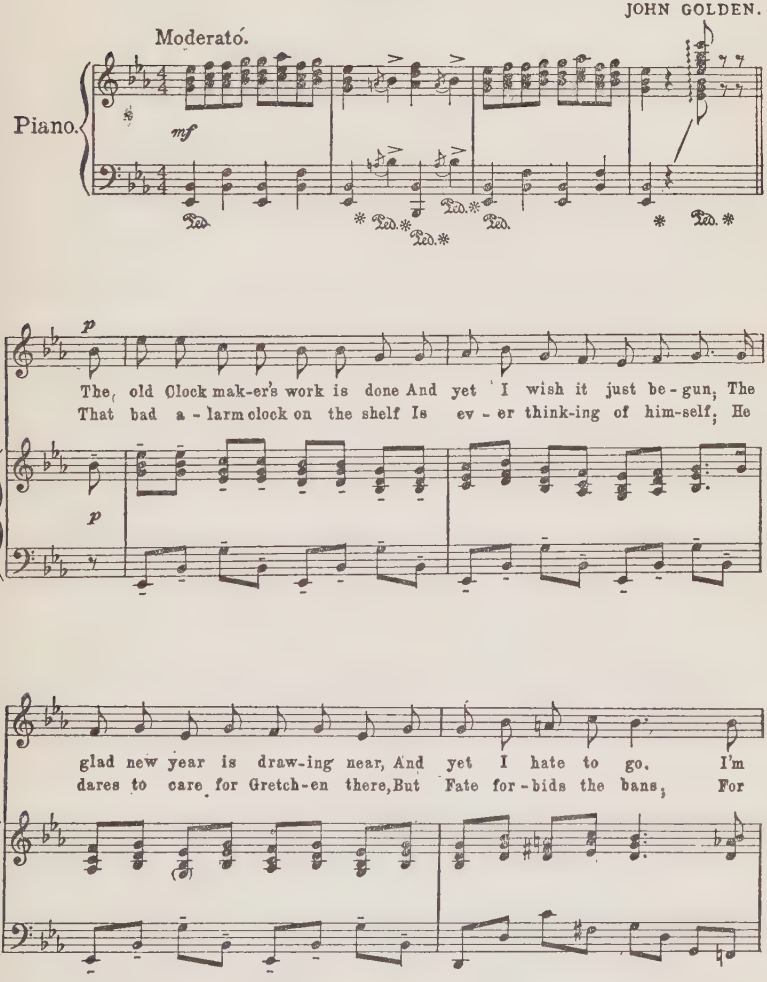
MUSIC FOR THE CLOCK SHOP

NUMBER 1

All The World's A Clock Shop.

(Clock Maker.)

JOHN GOLDEN.


Moderato.
Piano.
mf
p
The old Clock mak-er's work is done And yet I wish it just be-gun; The
That bad a-larm clock on the shelf Is ev-er think-ing of him-self; He
p
glad new year is draw-ing near, And yet I hate to go. I'm
dares to care for Gretch-en there, But Fate for-bids the bans; For

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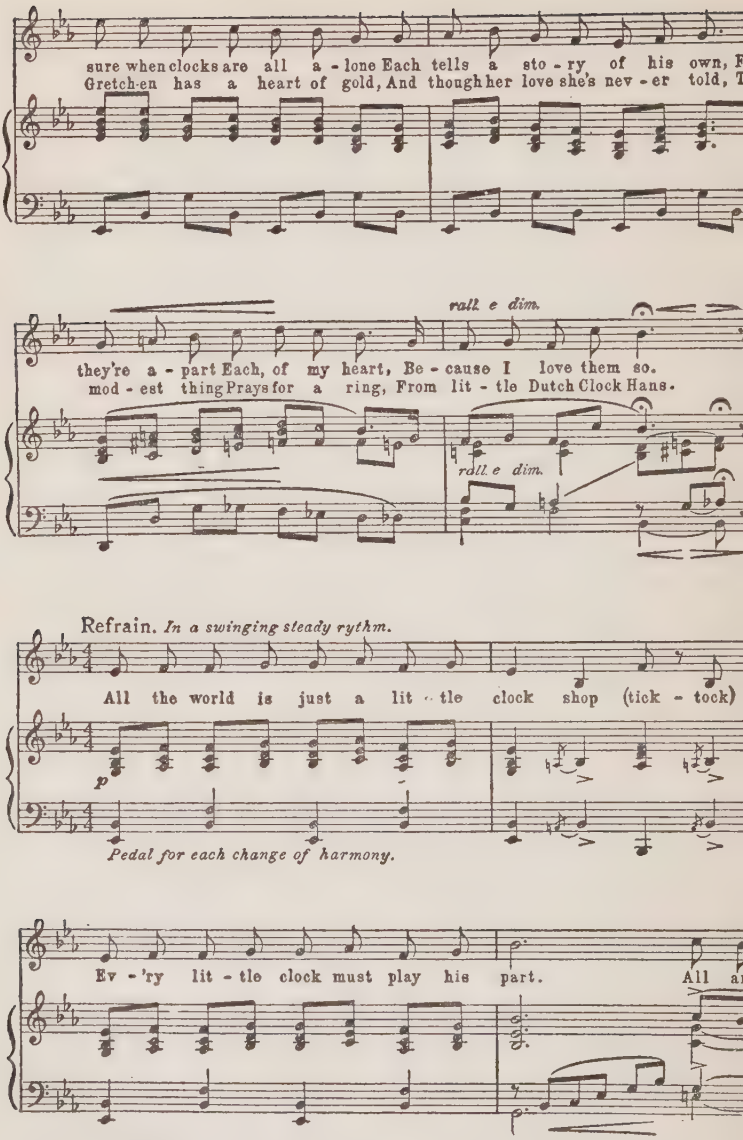
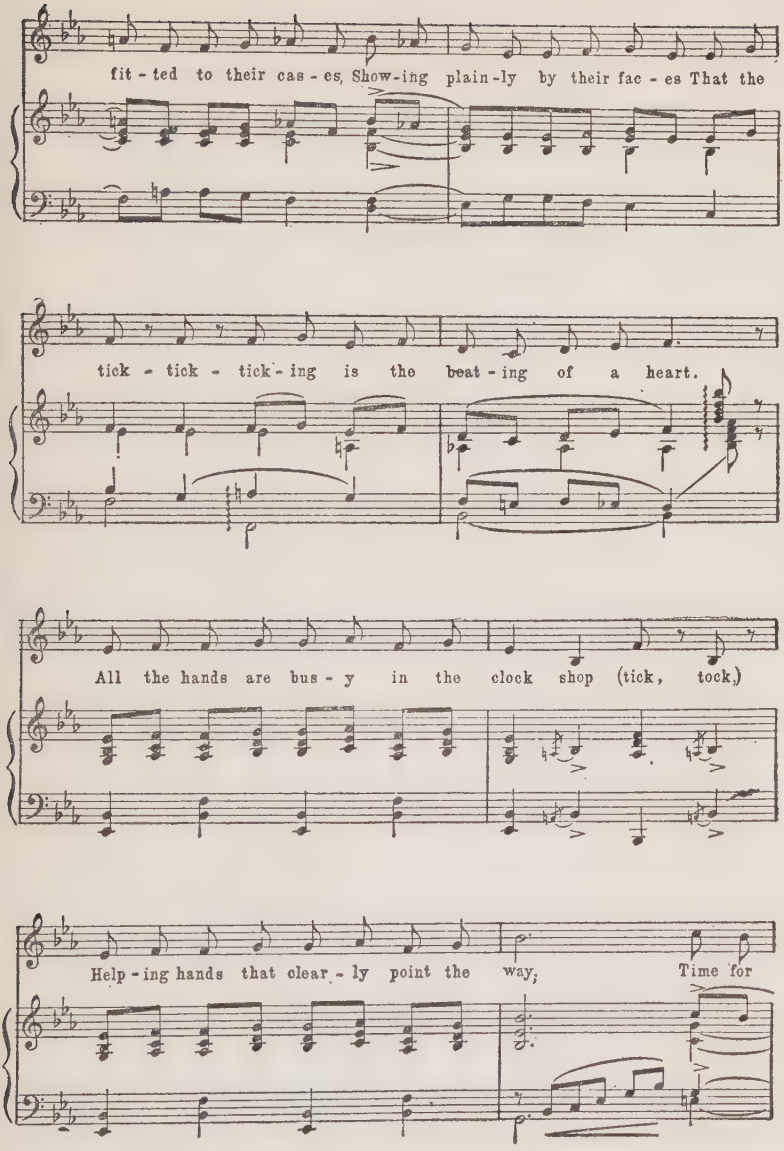
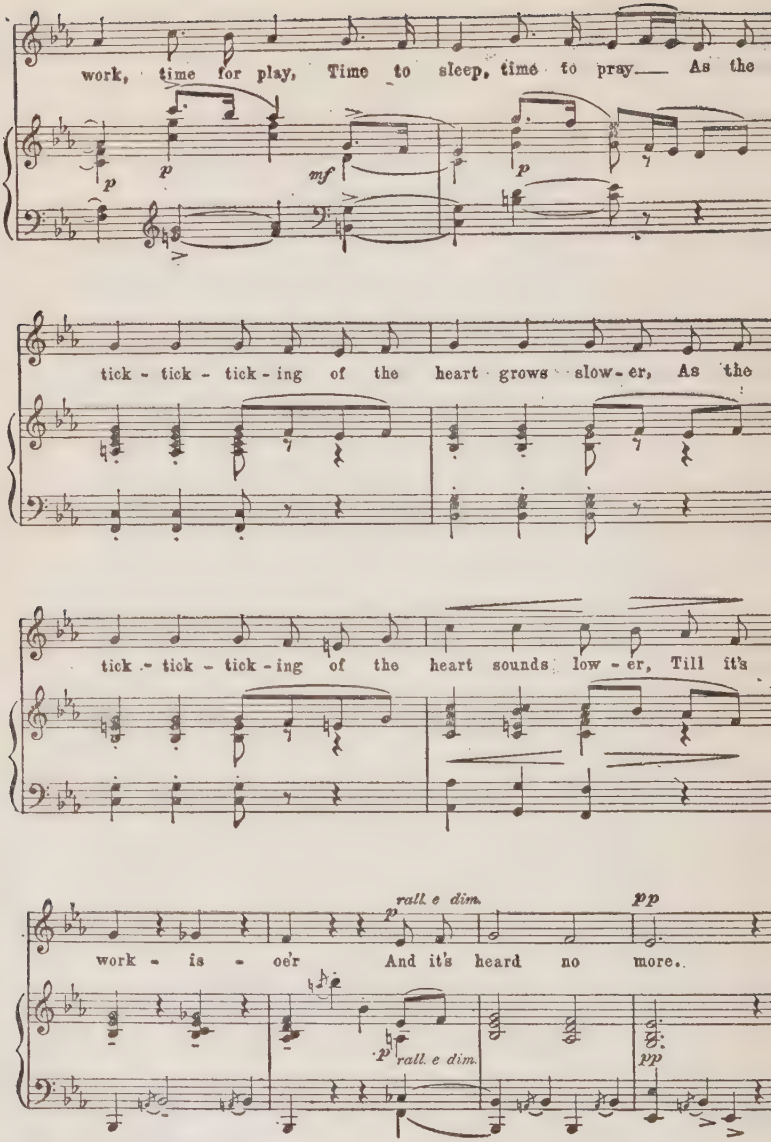

sure when clocks are all a - lone Each tells a sto - ry of his own,
Gretch-en has a heart of gold, And though her love she's nev - er told,
rall. e dim.
they're a - part Each, of my heart, Be - cause I love them so.
mod - est thing Prays for a ring, From lit - tle Dutch Clock Hans.
rall. e dim.
Refrain. In a swinging steady rythm.
All the world is just a lit - tle clock shop (tick - tock)
p
Pedal for each change of harmony.
Ev - 'ry lit - tle clock must play his part.
All a


fit - ted to their cas - es, Show-ing plain-ly by their fac - es That the
tick - tick - tick-ing is the beat - ing of a heart.
All the hands are bus - y in the clock shop (tick, tock,)
Help - ing hands that clear - ly point the way; Time for

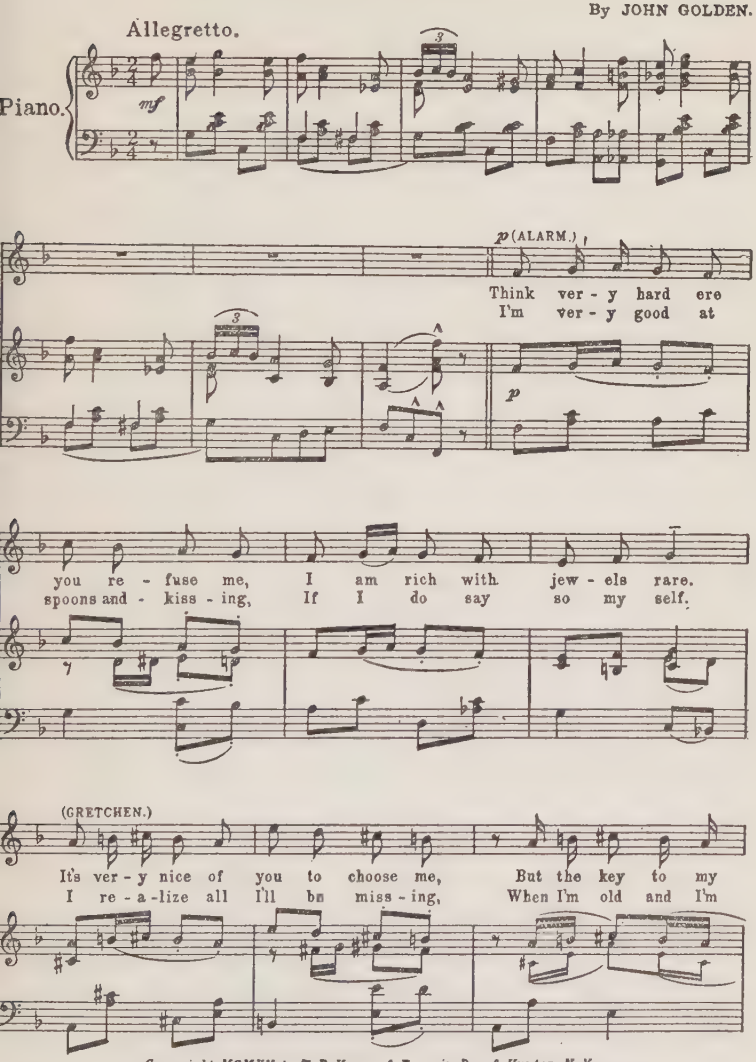

work, time for play, Time to sleep, time to pray— As the
p
p
mf
p
tick - tick - tick - ing of the heart grows slow - er, As the
tick - tick - tick - ing of the heart sounds low - er, Till it's
rall. e dim.
p
pp
work - is - o'er And it's heard no more.
p
rall. e dim.
pp

NUMBER 2

The Key To Your Heart.

(Alarm Clock and Gretchen.)

By JOHN GOLDEN.


Allegretto.
Piano.
mf
p (ALARM.)
Think ver - y hard ere
I'm ver - y good at
p
you re - fuse me, I am rich with jew - els rare.
spoons and - kiss - ing, If I do say so my self.
(GRETCHEN.)
It's ver - y nice of you to choose me, But the key to my
I re - a - lize all I'll be miss - ing, When I'm old and I'm

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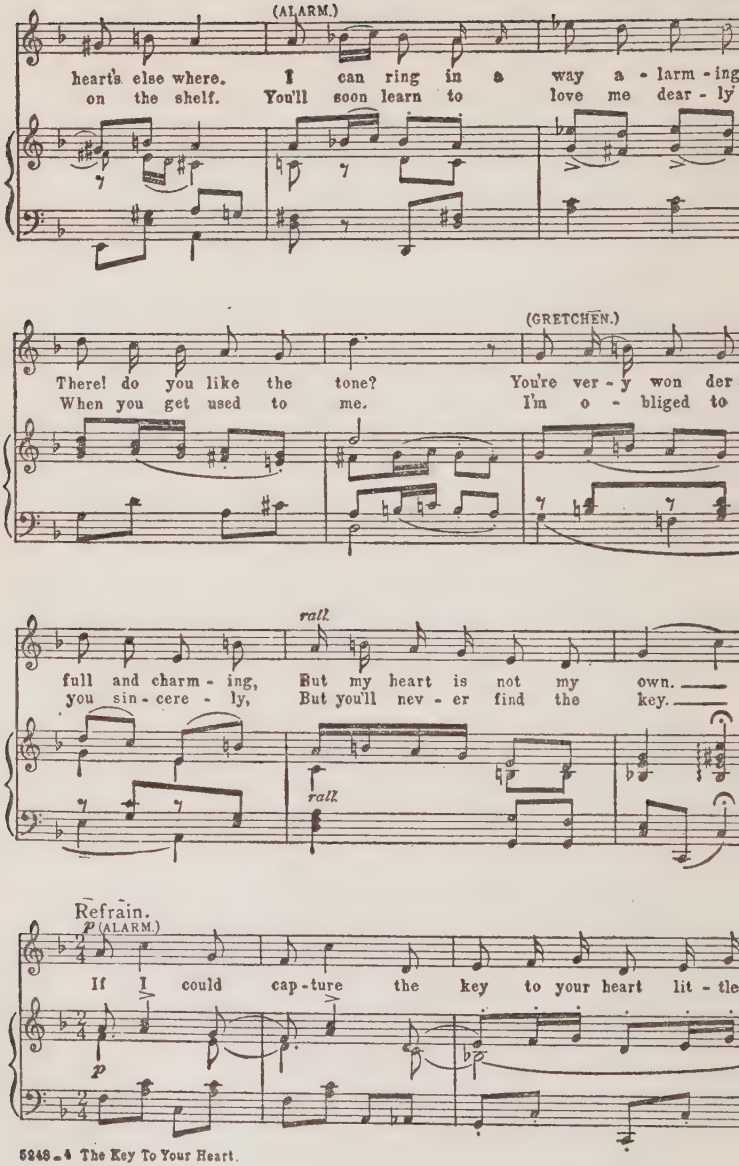
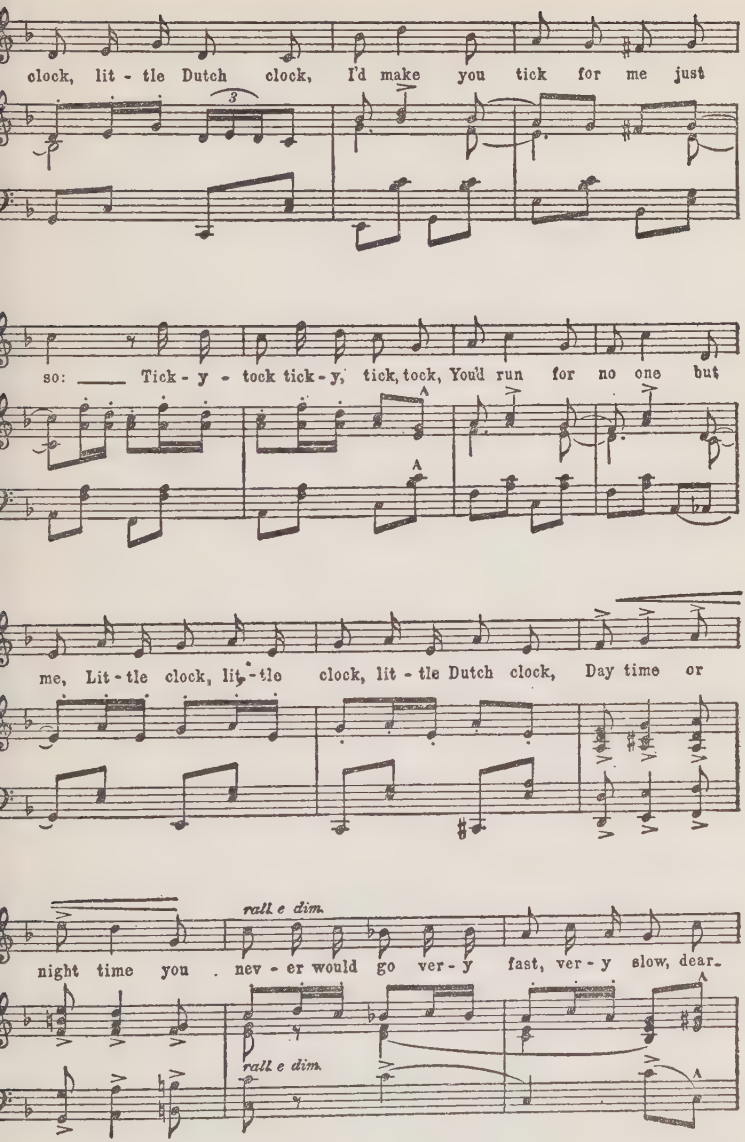
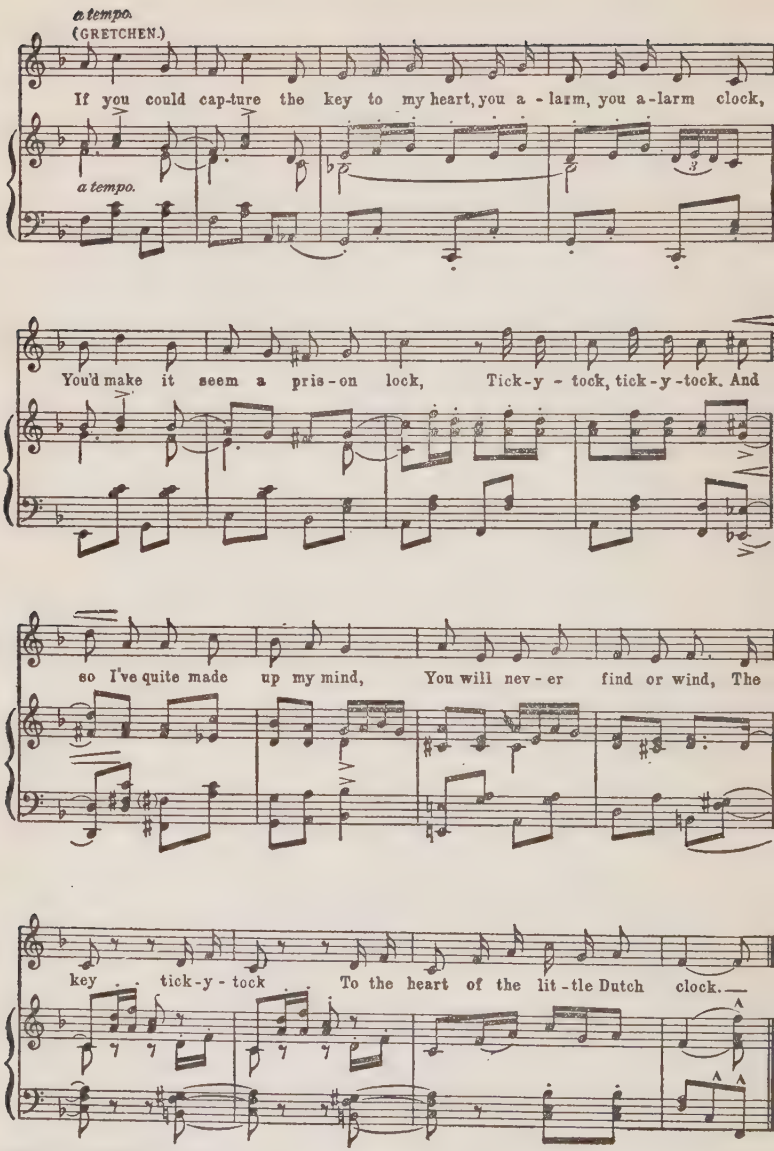

(ALARM.)
heart's else where. I can ring in a way a - larm - ing
on the shelf. You'll soon learn to love me dear - ly
(GRETCHEN.)
There! do you like the tone? You're ver - y won der
When you get used to me. I'm o - bliged to
rall.
full and charm - ing, But my heart is not my own.
you sin - cere - ly, But you'll nev - er find the key.
rall.
Refrain.
p (ALARM.)
If I could cap - ture the key to your heart lit - tle
p


clock, lit - tle Dutch clock, I'd make you tick for me just
so: ___ Tick - y - tock tick - y, tick, tock, You'd run for no one but
me, Lit - tle clock, lit - tle clock, lit - tle Dutch clock, Day time or
night time you . nev - er would go ver - y fast, ver - y slow, dear.
rall e dim.
rall e dim.

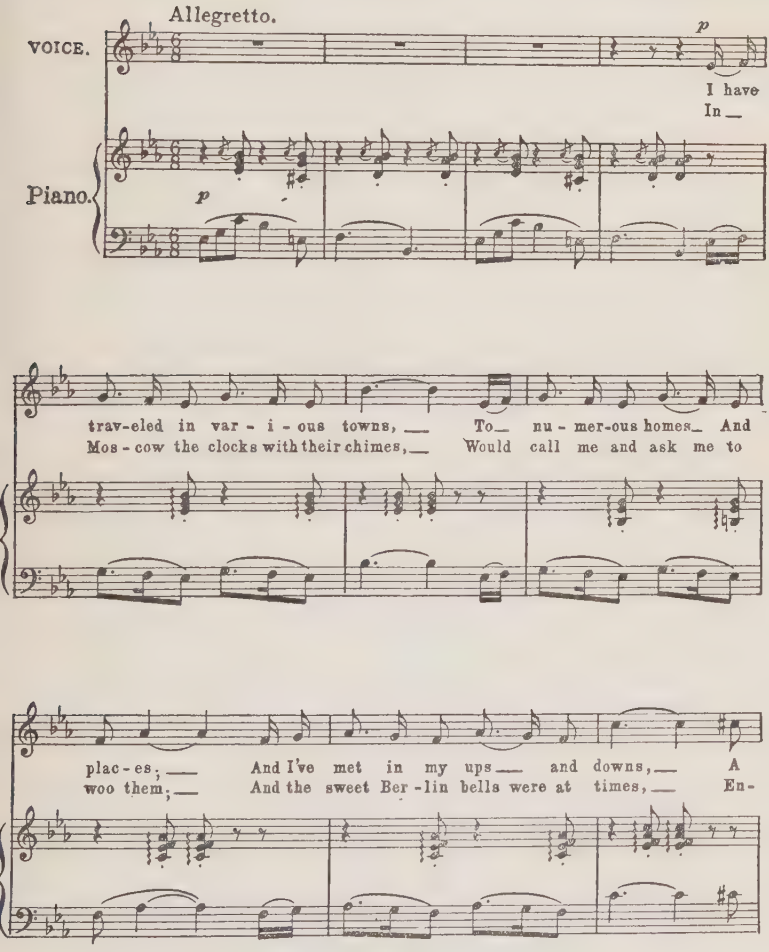

a tempo.
(GRETCHEN.)
If you could cap-ture the key to my heart, you a-larm, you a-larm clock,
a tempo.
You'd make it seem a pris-on lock, Tick-y - tock, tick-y-tock. And
so I've quite made up my mind, You will nev-er find or wind, The
key tick-y-tock To the heart of the lit-tle Dutch clock.

NUMBER 3

Gretchen, Maedchen Mine.

(Hans, Gretchen and Dutch Boy Clocks.)

JOHN GOLDEN.


Allegretto.
VOICE.
Piano.
p
p
I have
In
trav-eled in var - i - ous towns, To nu - mer-ous homes And
Mos - cow the clocks with their chimes, Would call me and ask me to
plac - es; And I've met in my ups and downs, A
woo them; And the sweet Ber - lin bells were at times, En-

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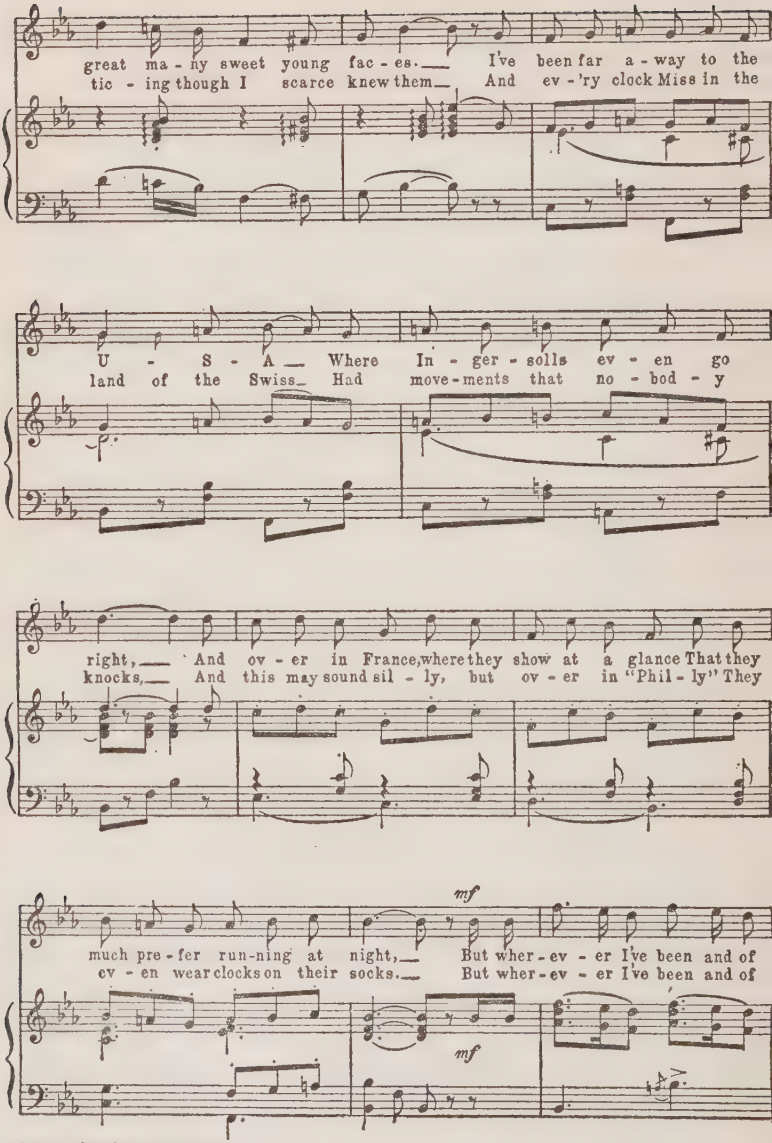
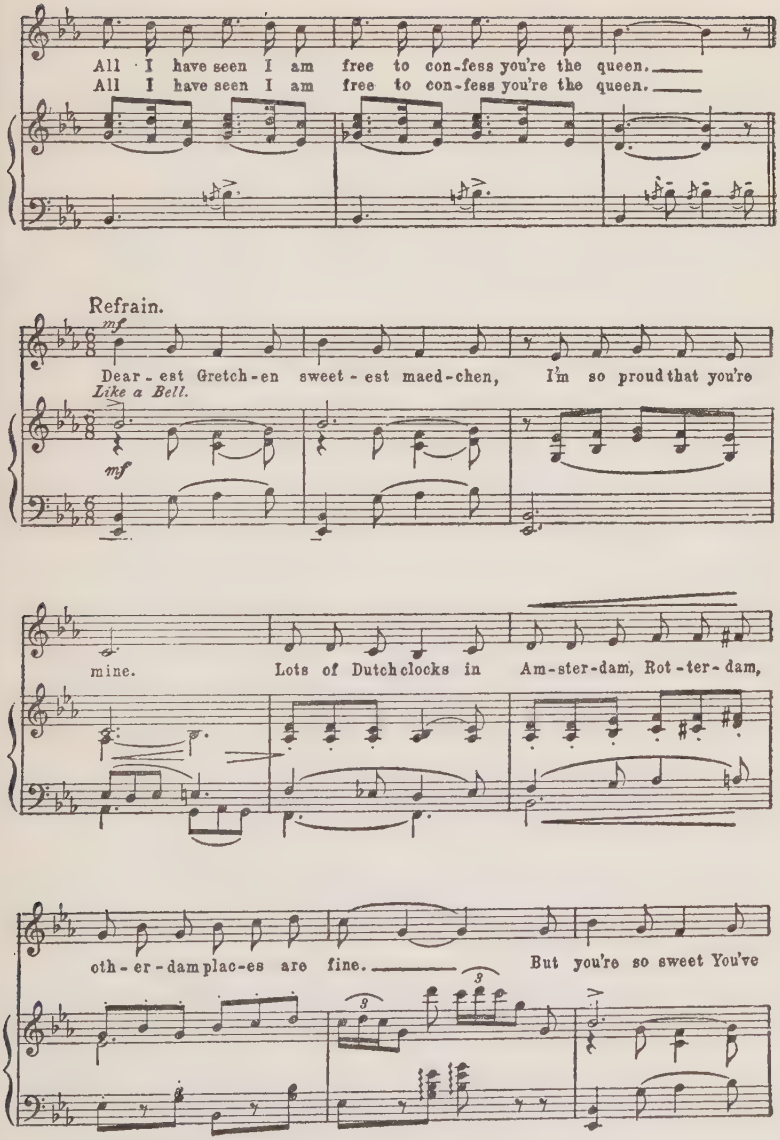
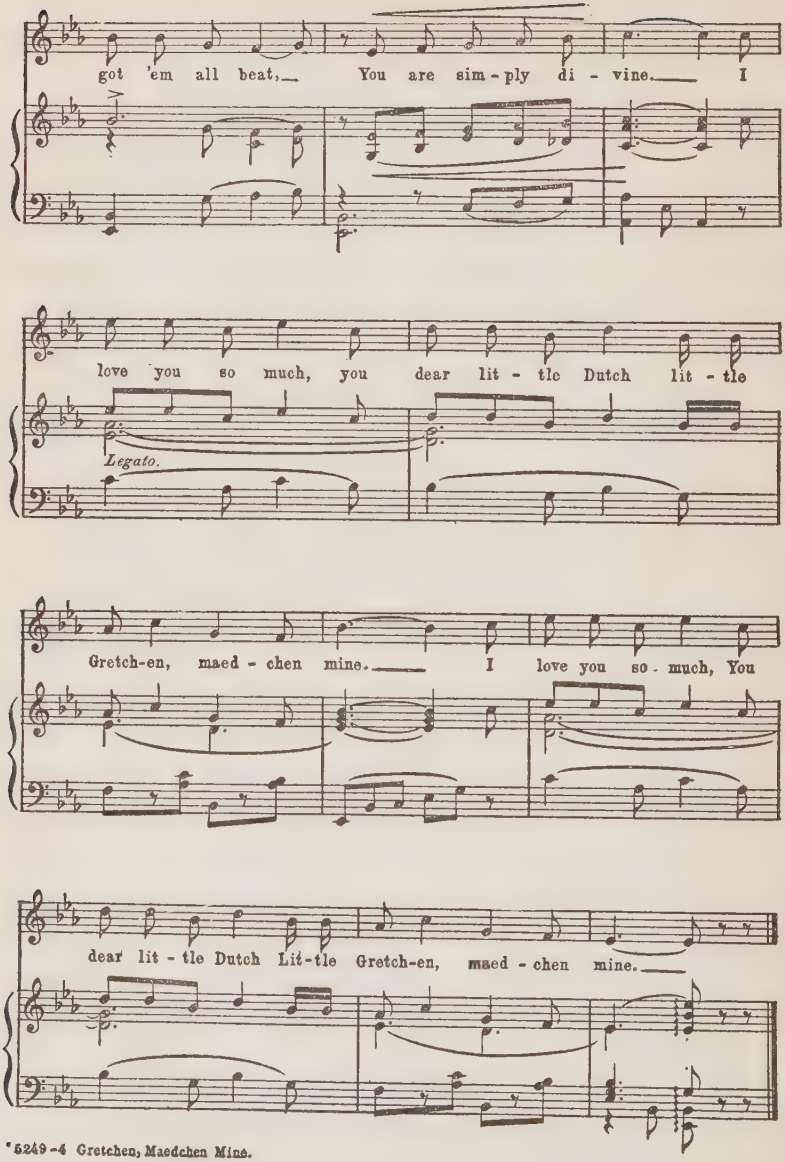

great ma - ny sweet young fac - es. I've been far a - way to the
tic - ing though I scarce knew them And ev - 'ry clock Miss in the
U - S - A Where In - ger - solls ev - en go
land of the Swiss Had move-ments that no - bod - y
right, And ov - er in France, where they show at a glance That they
knocks, And this may sound sil - ly, but ov - er in "Phil - ly" They
mf
much pre - fer run-ning at night, But wher - ev - er I've been and of
ev - en wear clocks on their socks. But wher - ev - er I've been and of
mf


All I have seen I am free to con-fess you're the queen.
All I have seen I am free to con-fess you're the queen.
Refrain.
mf
Dear-est Gretch-en sweet-est maed-chen, I'm so proud that you're
Like a Bell.
mf
mine.
Lots of Dutch clocks in Am-ster-dam, Rot-ter-dam,
oth-er-dam plac-es are fine.
But you're so sweet You've


got 'em all beat, You are sim-ply di-vine. I
love you so much, you dear lit-tle Dutch lit-tle
Legato.
Gretch-en, maed-chen mine. I love you so-much, You
dear lit-tle Dutch Lit-tle Gretch-en, maed-chen mine.

*5249-4 Gretchen, Maedchen Mine.

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